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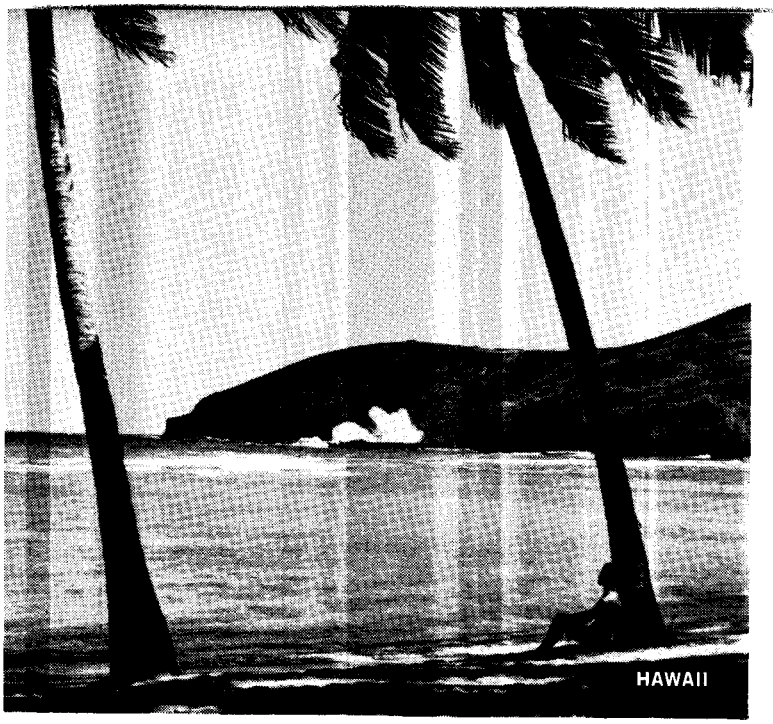

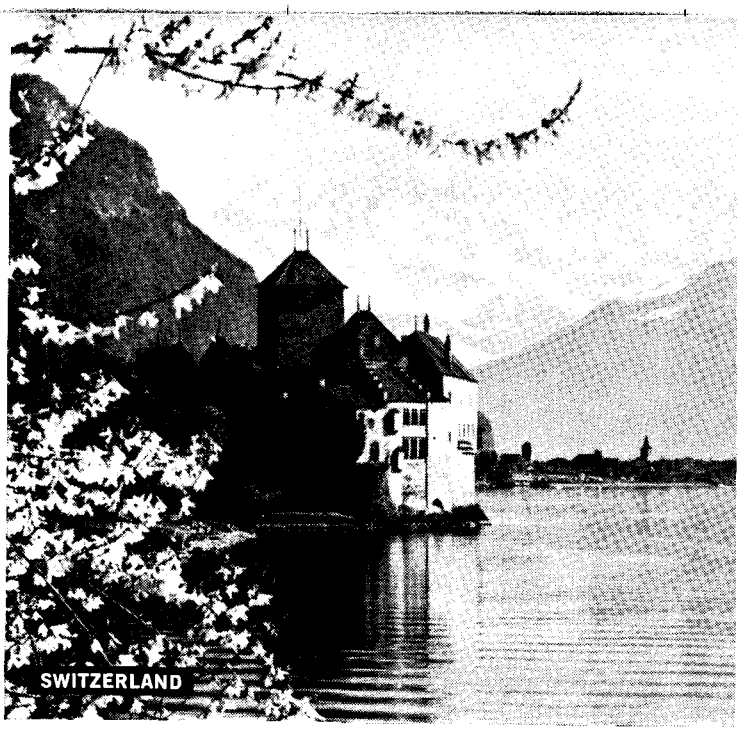

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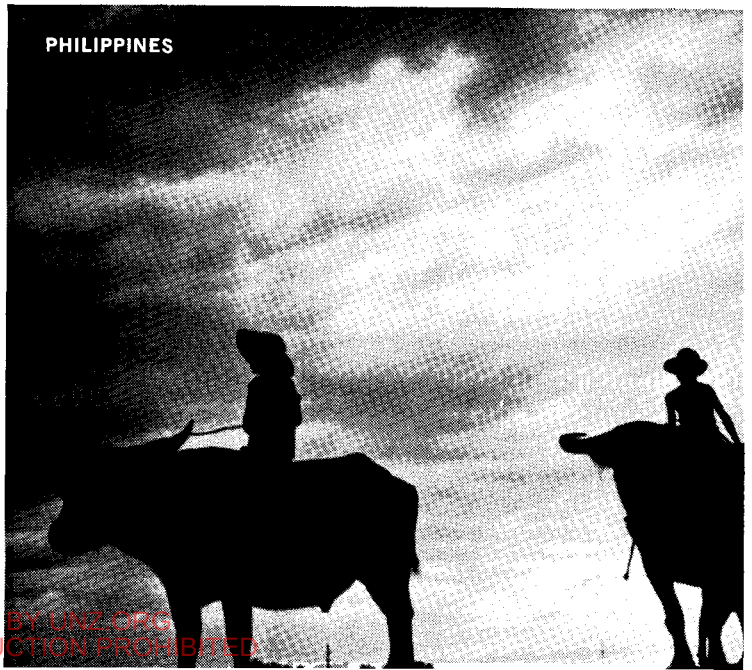

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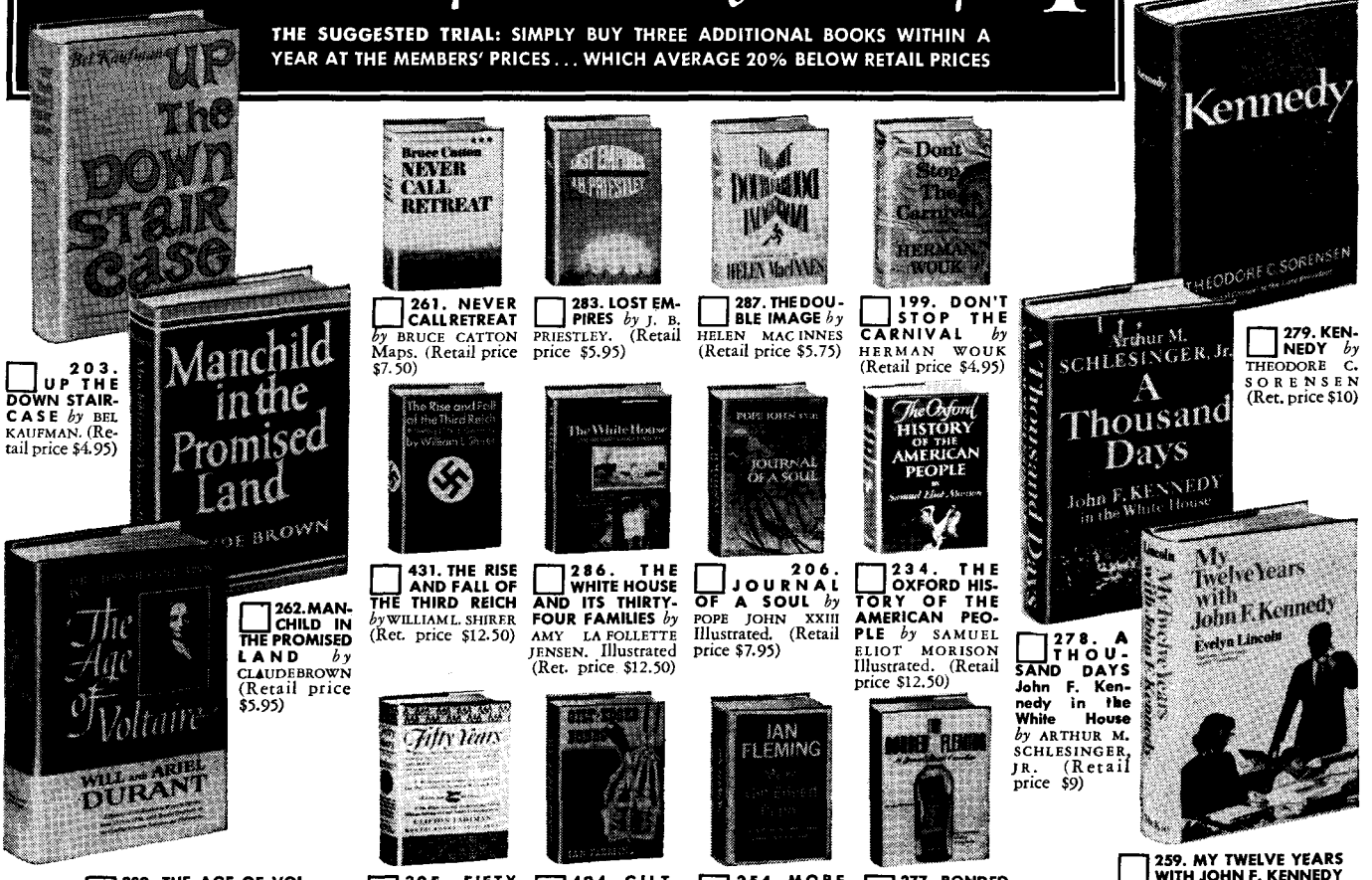

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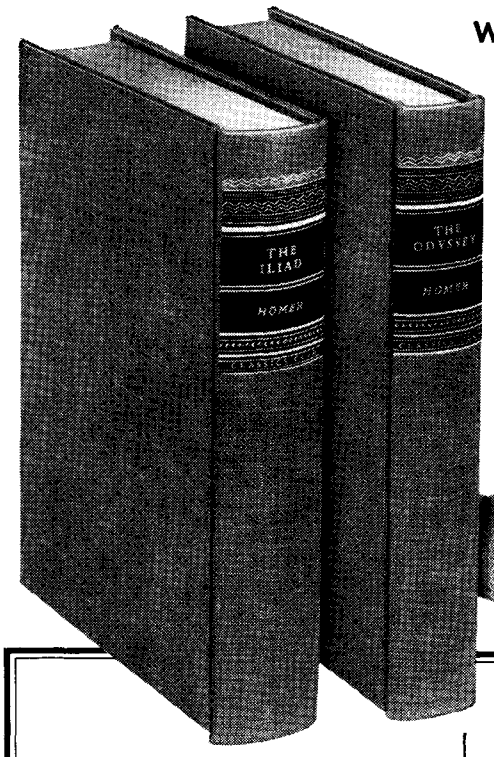

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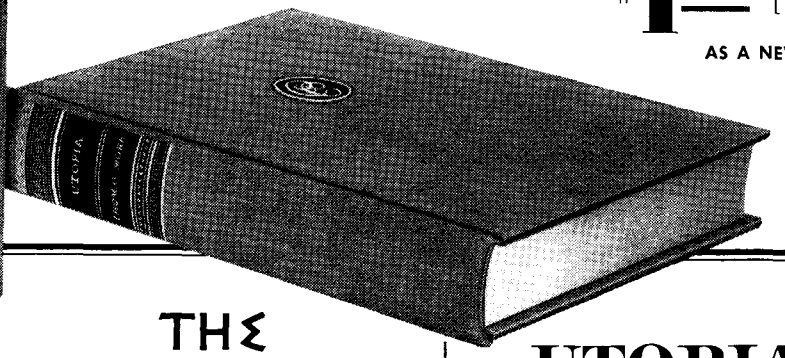

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WE HAVE BECOME accustomed to the race for space. Our vocabulary is full of its futuristic terminology and we are at home with its dazzling improbabilities, with the heroism of the men engaged in it, and with prestige at stake. Indeed, our attention has been so thoroughly focused on the race to the moon and beyond that it is a shock to learn that we are about to be overtaken in a very different kind of race—one that we and Great Britain assumed that the rest of the world had more or less conceded to us by default. In our January 13 issue we published Rear Admiral John D. Hayes's account of the troubles of our own merchant fleet. Now we present **Noel Mostert**'s evaluation of the gigantic strides the Soviet Union has taken toward supremacy on the seas. Mr. Mostert is a South African journalist at present free-lancing in Europe.

SINCE early in the century, politicians have spent much time and effort circumventing the various laws designed to regulate campaign finances. The most difficult problem was the provision in the Corrupt Practices Act of 1925 that barred corporations from involvement in active politics and thus seemingly shut off the most lucrative source of funds. Loopholes in the law, however, continued to pay handsome dividends, particularly to whichever party happened to be in power. Two years ago, according to **Neal R. Peirce**, the national parties themselves uncovered still another profitable loophole which has put them in the publishing business and the Justice Department in a rather uncomfortable position. Mr. Peirce is political editor of *Congressional Quarterly*. . . . As **Alan L. Otten** and **Charles B. Seib** point out, Republican National Chairman Ray Bliss is circumscribed by the amorphous nature of the party itself at the moment, and must be credited with at least a minor miracle—that of keeping the party together at all. Mr. Otten is with the Washington Bureau of the *Wall Street Journal;* Mr. Seib is assistant managing editor of the Washington *Evening Star*. . . . In 1962 a little-known young lawyer in Jefferson County, Alabama, began what gradually turned into a crusade against the Southern custom of discriminating against Negroes when selecting names for jury duty. **Joseph B. Cumming, Jr.,** of the *Newsweek* bureau in Atlanta, describes how the matter of jury selection has increasingly come to public attention—to the point where President Johnson brought the matter up in his State of the Union message last month and where it is certain to be one of the foremost civil-rights subjects this year. . . . This fall, the British protectorate of Bechuanaland will become the newest African nation. As **Thomas Land,** a British free-lance journalist, points out, few states have had such inauspicious beginnings. Not only is Botswana (as it will be called) surrounded by countries at present under white domination, but it is suffering from drought and famine. . . . The Rhodesian rebellion drags into its fourth month. **J. L. Cefkin** reports from Salisbury on the effect sanctions are having on Prime Minister Ian Smith's chances for survival. Mr. Cefkin, professor of political science at Colorado State University, is a visiting professor of government at the University College of Rhodesia.

WE PRESENT our Washington editor's frank confessions of a time when Right (in the form of a shamefaced citizenry) triumphed over Wrong (in the form of our Washington editor). . . . The ashes of D. H. Lawrence lie in a shrine on the Kiowa Ranch near Taos. **David Pryce-Jones,** author of *Sands of Summer* and of *Next Generation,* both published by Holt, Rinehart & Winston, writes of the hot, arid New Mexican countryside that inspired Lawrence, and of the people whom he saw with his own special insights and bewilderments. . . . **Hennig Cohen** discusses the work of the Belgian Surrealist René Magritte. Mr. Cohen edits the *American Quarterly* and teaches at the University of Pennsylvania. . . . The stars move still, time runs, the clock will strike, the devil will come, and **Fernando Krahn** will get his. . . . **Gordon A. Craig,** who teaches at Stanford, reviews Barbara Tuchman's new book on a world that the guns of August in 1914 were to obliterate forever. . . . This is **Richard Moore's** third appearance in *The Reporter*. . . . **Virgilia Peterson's** *A Matter of Life and Death* was published by Atheneum. . . . **Sarel Eimerl,** who reviews J. B. Priestley's latest novel, was once a young English free-lance writer.

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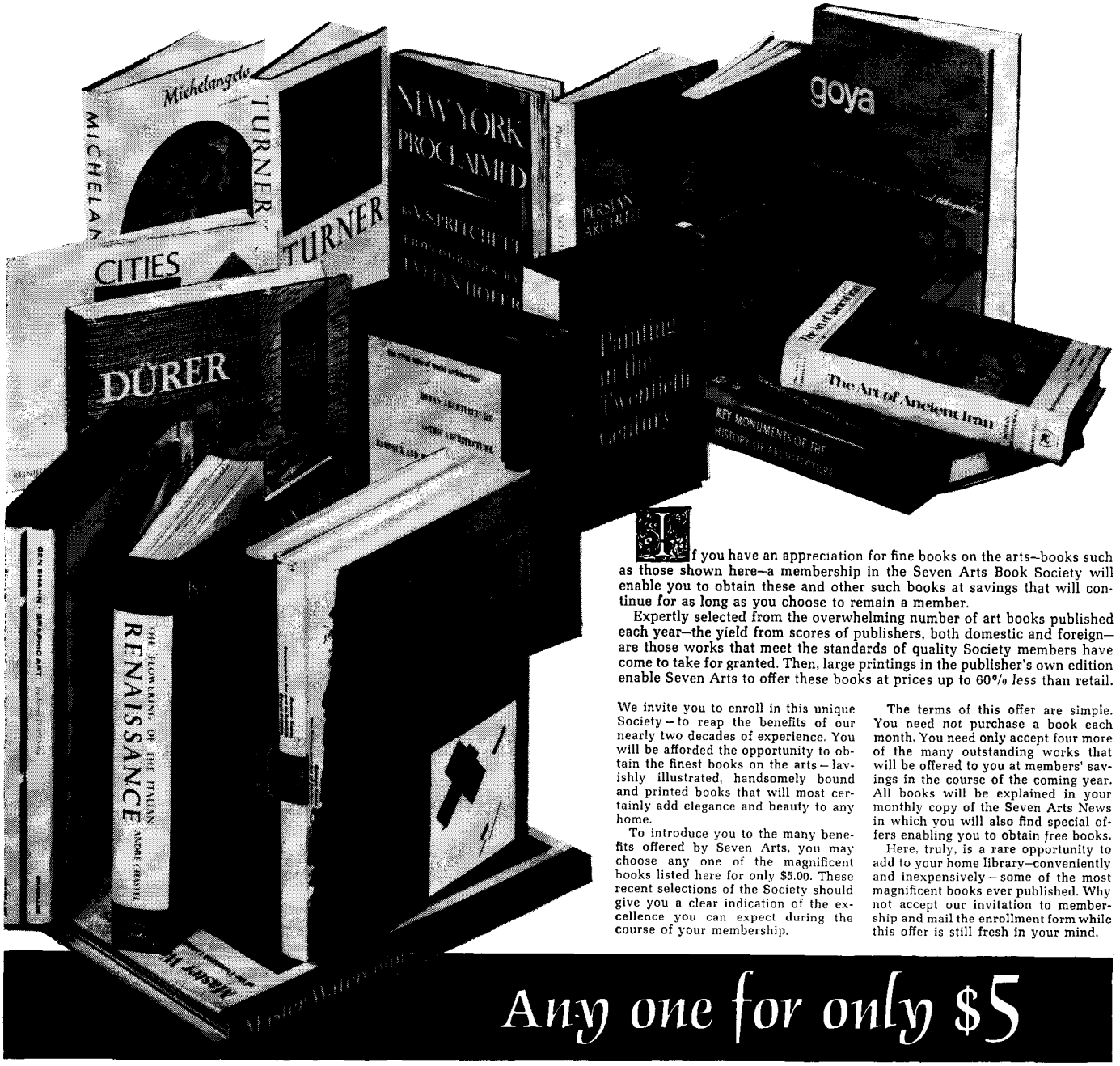

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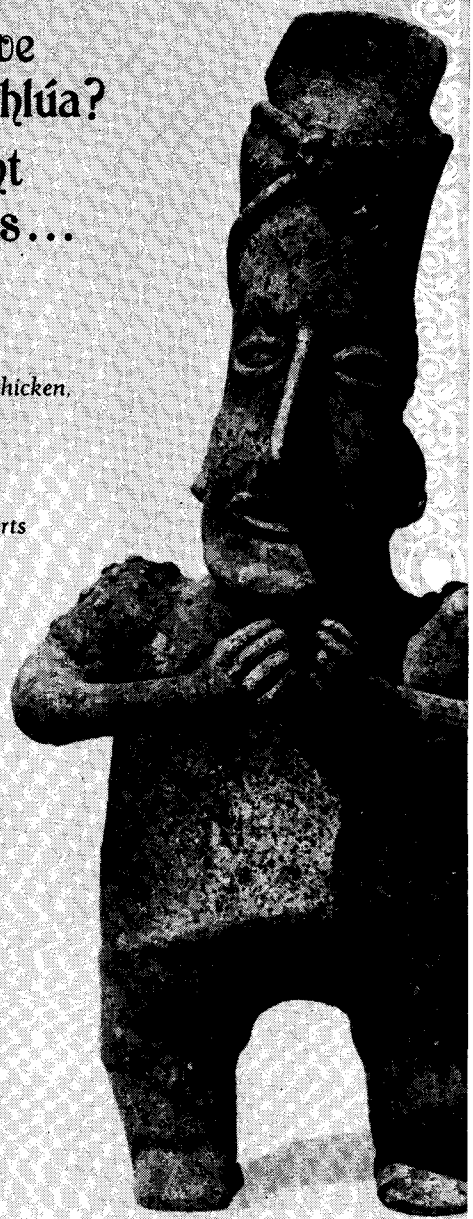

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NEW ENGLAND'S POWER

To the Editor: As a member of the New England Congressional delegation, and having played an active role in the Dickey-Lincoln School Project debate in the House, I would like to comment on Peter Barnes's "New England's Power Politics" (*The Reporter*, December 16).

First of all, let me make it clear that I am not against the principle of public power. However, each public power proposal must stand on its own merits. In the case of the Dickey project, reliable testimony given at the hearings indicated that generating facilities of the same capacity, but capable of producing more kilowatt-hours, could be constructed by the private power companies at an estimated cost of $71 million as compared with $300 million, including transmission facilities.

The so-called "respectable benefit-to-cost ratio of 1.86:1" cited by Mr. Barnes, justifying this power project, was arrived at only by the careful juggling of the Department of the Interior. For example, the useful life of the plant was doubled from the customary fifty to one hundred years. Despite the fact that the Federal government is borrowing money at the interest rate of 4.15 per cent, for the purpose of the Dickey project an interest rate of 3.25 per cent was used to compute the benefit-to-cost ratio.

It should be obvious to any careful reader that Mr. Barnes's case for the Dickey project is weak. His statement that twenty out of twenty-five New England Congressmen voted initially against the project certainly should make it clear that there was something substantially wrong about the proposal. New England is not a homogeneous unit. Politics and economics differ in each state. I consider Mr. Barnes's implication that my colleagues in the House and myself were somehow in the pay of the private utilities to be a low blow without any substantiation. It is unfortunate he did not see fit to tell the entire story about the Dickey project.

JAMES C. CLEVELAND
House of Representatives
Washington, D.C.

The author replies:

Congressman Cleveland argues against the Dickey Dam on the familiar grounds that the private utilities could provide the same power for less money—presumably through nuclear and pumped storage plants. This is highly debatable, since the eleventh-hour $71-million proposal put forward at the hearings by the private utilities was based on cost estimates never before achieved anywhere in the world. As for the Interior Department's handling of the figures, Mr. Cleveland blurs the important distinction between the "useful life" of a project and its payback period. Like every Federal power project, the Dickey

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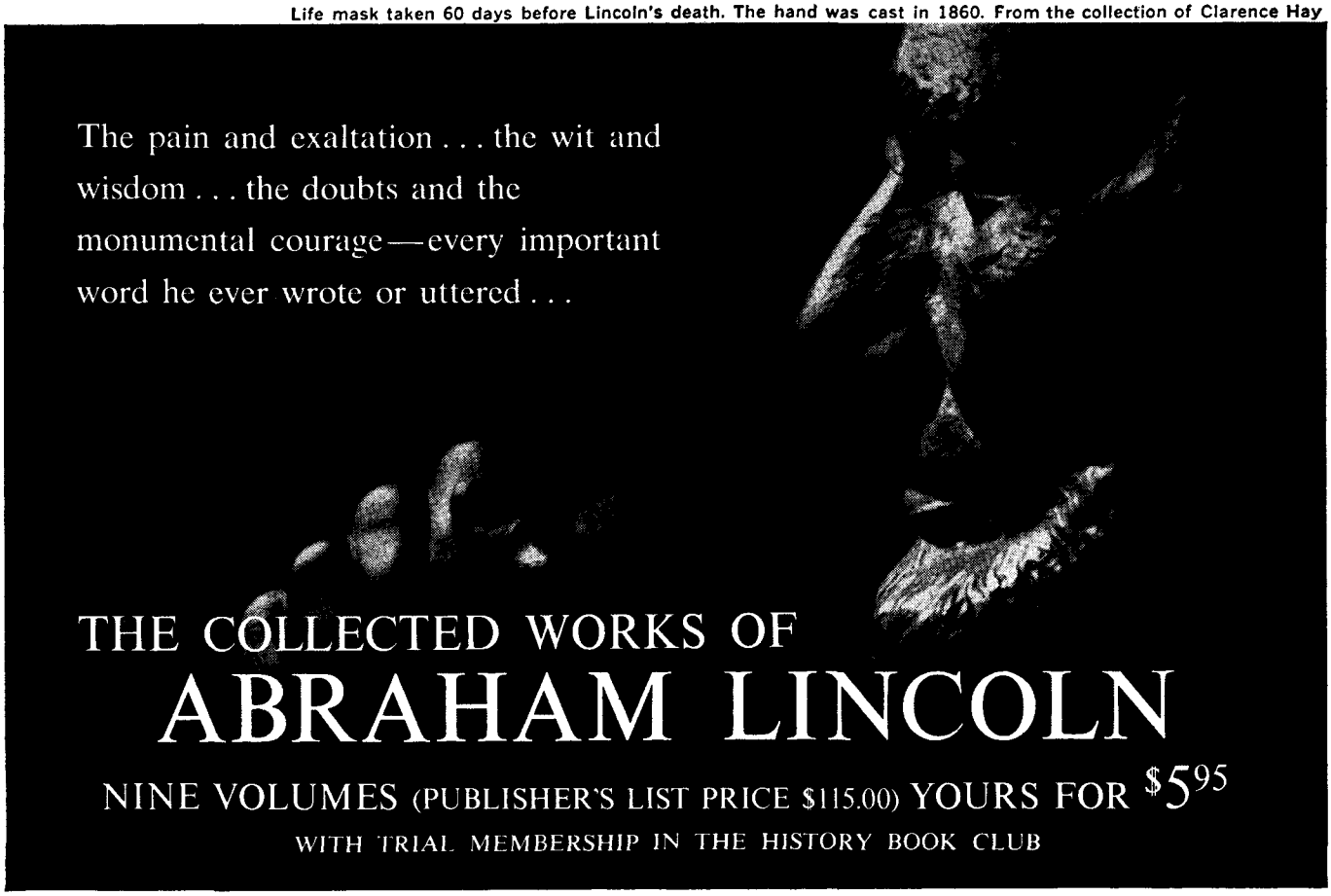
Life mask taken 60 days before Lincoln's death. The hand was cast in 1860. From the collection of Clarence Hay



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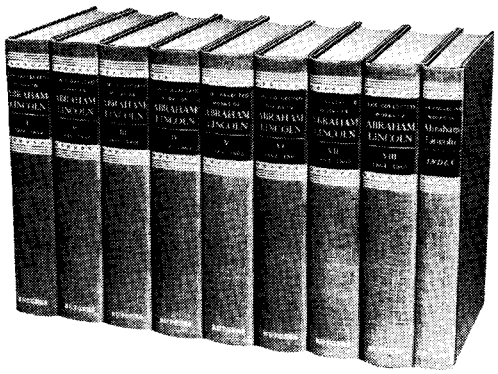

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Dam will completely pay back the government's investment with interest within fifty years, though its useful life will be one hundred years or more. Whatever the validity of the interest rates or formulae used in calculating benefit-to-cost ratios, the same Congressionally approved rate and formulae were employed to compute Dickey's 1.86:1 ratio as were applied to all other river projects authorized last year.

The key point, however, is that even if the utilities could produce power at a cost comparable to Dickey, the acid test is not the power cost but the rates charged to consumers. It is an incontrovertible fact that, despite the "we can do it better for less" claims of the utilities over many years, power rates in New England are the highest in the country; the only significant rate reductions within New England in recent years have been achieved in Vermont thanks to public power from New York State. My feeling is that if the utilities can produce low-cost nuclear power for New England they should certainly go ahead and do so; the Dickey Dam will provide mainly peaking power and certainly will not glut the Northeast market.

At no time did I imply, as Mr. Cleveland asserts, that he and his colleagues were "somehow in the pay of the private utilities." What I did say was that a full explanation of their opposition to the project would require "an intimate knowledge of Congressional finances—knowledge that is unobtainable from the innocuous reports on campaign contributions that are filed with the Clerk of the House . . . and at the various statehouses."

OUR MERCHANT MARINE

To the Editor: I thoroughly enjoyed Admiral John D. Hayes's article ("Our Merchant Marine in Trouble," *The Reporter*, January 13), with its comprehensive treatment of a complex and vital subject. Our Merchant Marine is definitely an integral part of our country's maritime power.

The problem urgently calls for a solution. This article will help provide a broader awareness. Perhaps it will also stimulate a more active interest among Americans to make their wishes known to our national leaders.

David L. McDonald
Chief of Naval Operations
Washington

To the Editor: While I appreciate the many problems confronting Admiral Hayes in accurately depicting such a complex industry, I would like to offer one important observation on the industry's current status.

Since the article was written, the majority of the members of the Maritime Advisory Committee have approved a report. Contrary to Admiral Hayes's implications, this report and the one submitted by the Interagency Maritime Task Force have many areas of agreement in common. Both reports,

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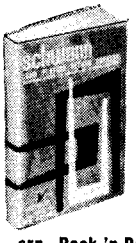

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The Reporter Puzzle No. 141 will appear in the next issue (February 24, 1966)

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in spite of their differing origins, call for an expanded-berth liner-subsidy program, retaining construction-differential subsidy to our shipyards to support a mobilization base, extending operating-differential subsidy to the bulk-carrier segment of the fleet, expanded research and development, requiring manning agreements for new ships by management and labor before the ships are built, and extending government aid to seamen displaced through automation; and both reports recognize the government's involvement in the collective bargaining process in the industry.

There are, as the Admiral points out, areas of disagreement between these two reports. Among these are the purchase of ships on the world market, the future of American passenger ships, and the administration of our Cargo Preference laws and operating subsidies.

Of course, the ultimate resolution of many of these issues must be left to the President and Congress. But the character of the solution is in no sense as important as a national realization that we can no longer afford drift, decline, and decay in our merchant marine.

NICHOLAS JOHNSON
Maritime Administrator
U.S. Department of Commerce
Washington

COVERING CURRENT HISTORY

To the Editor: Please accept my congratulations on Lajos Szalay's excellent cover (*The Reporter*, January 13). It was very descriptive, I believe, of the fourth estate. You are shown standing as observers of the upcoming events, as (too) grim reporters of the new year. Very descriptive too of the contemporary scene, you are shown "picketing," smugly (as Ben Shahn would portray it) holding the line on the year, daring the world to cross you.

A more appropriate remark would be, however, that history at point 1966 is picketing in quest of a solution to war, poverty, and all things dreary and grim.

E. FLOYD SHERMAN
Los Angeles

EVOLUTION IN ARKANSAS

To the Editor: I have read with interest "Will Evolution Come to Arkansas?," by Tom Dearmore (*The Reporter*, January 13). His account of the status of an archaic law in Arkansas—forbidding the teaching of Darwin's theory of evolution in the public schools—is the best and most accurate that I have seen.

As Dearmore points out, the legislative branch of our state government will not repeal the law; this is just another instance where the courts will be asked to nullify a law that elected representatives are fearful to repeal. I concur with Mr. Dearmore's speculation that the Arkansas Supreme Court will be equal to the task.

ROY E. DANUSER
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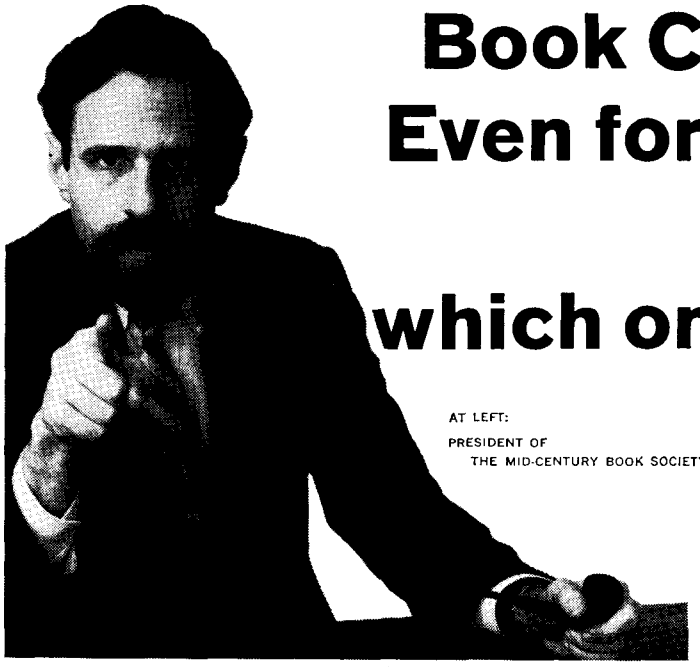

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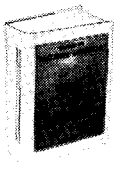

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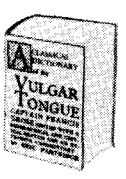

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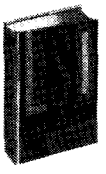

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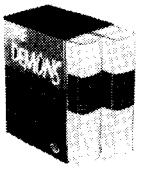

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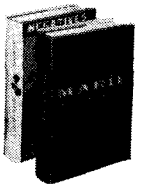

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In a Spirit of Prayer

As we write, the President is engaged in the making of a decision that cannot possibly be further delayed. We like to think that the President listens to no one but himself. There is a time when the most abused clichés happen to coincide with a shade of truth: the loneliness of the Presidential office, for instance, or Lyndon Johnson's jealous secretiveness. But these more or less trite notions are of little help in providing an adequate explanation of the torment that, for days and weeks, this one man has undergone.

A nation as powerful as ours can have a remote war but not a remote peace. No matter what his globe-girdling special ambassadors told him, and no matter what the rulers of foreign nations they visited told them, the sum total of the whole diplomatic venture must be clear to the President: no way has been found to open negotiations with the North Vietnamese enemy short of our unconditional surrender. No breach has been found in the united front of the Communist powers, from North Vietnam to China to the Soviet Union.

Lyndon Johnson is not a Hamlet-like character, and it would be difficult to imagine a man less suited for a daisy-plucking role. He had first to listen to a large number of differing opinions from more or less qualified experts, but in the end the decision is his, and even the advice of his living predecessors is of limited usefulness, for decision-making is an art that can neither be taught nor learned. Not even Harry Truman, the quickest and wisest in boldly making up his mind, ever had to face a comparable alternative.

The unity of the Communist bloc against us is bound to remain unbroken, no matter whether we stay in Vietnam and fight there a fuller war, or whether we tempt new Communist aggressions with a self-inflicted defeat. Never, not even at the time of the Cuban missile confrontation, has our country been subjected to such a test.

We are not presuming to anticipate what conclusion the President will reach. He knows infinitely more than we do, his responsibility is final and supreme. He is facing history, and what he makes of it now could lead to the irreparable decay of our nation—and not just of our nation. May he prove to be as wise and as strong as we believe he is.

—MA

The Unmutual Friends

We have it from Senate Minority Leader Everett M. Dirksen himself that some of his best friends are labor leaders. It seems, however, to be a classic case of unrequited love; George Meany recently called the Senator a windbag. "Even though Mr. Meany doesn't like me," as Dirksen sorrowfully said to his colleagues, "I like Mr. Meany. I like Mrs. Meany, too, and so does Mrs. Dirksen."

There are numerous reasons for the Minority Leader's blandishments to the hierarchs of the AFL-CIO as he directs a filibuster against their effort to secure the repeal of Section 14 (b) of the Taft-Hartley Act—the section leaving to the states the power to enact and apply "right to work" statutes. Not the least of these is the widespread assumption that Dirksen has the votes to prevent cloture. And if he seems indifferent to the great issues of conscience raised by George Meany, who has questioned the propriety of his attempt to keep U.S. Senators from voting on an issue, it may be because Dirksen recalls that Meany and his associates underwent no crisis of conscience when they caused a very similar service to be performed for Dirksen's reapportionment amendment in the Senate last year.

As filibusters go, this has been an especially spiritless affair. Its outcome is believed to be known, observers on the Hill were prompt to note that in his State of the Union message, the President gave repeal of 14 (b) little more than a *pro forma* nod and even omitted the time-honored "so-called" that usually precedes "right to work." Even though last year's statement was only a shade stronger, this lassitude is something new: last session, there was much more talk on the Senate side of deals, threats, and promises among the members and the representatives of the labor lobby; and in the House, Vice President Humphrey worked hard to build a temporary coalition based on a trade of favorable votes on 14 (b) and the farm bill.

What accounts for the deflation of the issue? One answer is labor's success in another legislative fight. Having thus far managed to block Dirksen's drive to modify the Supreme Court reapportionment decision, the union leaders have weakened the rationale of the repeal of 14 (b), since it is argued that equitably apportioned state legislatures will now have an opportunity to remove "right to work" statutes. Nor does the labor argument about the costliness of fighting these programs state by state seem to move many hearts in the capital. Again, there has been the unfortunate concatenation of events that saw the AFL-CIO mounting a renewed lobbying effort between sessions just as the late Mike Quill's transport workers in New York were providing a whole new collection of arguments to those who opposed repeal. Finally, and perhaps decisively, there has been labor's stubborn insistence that 14 (b) be considered on its own—

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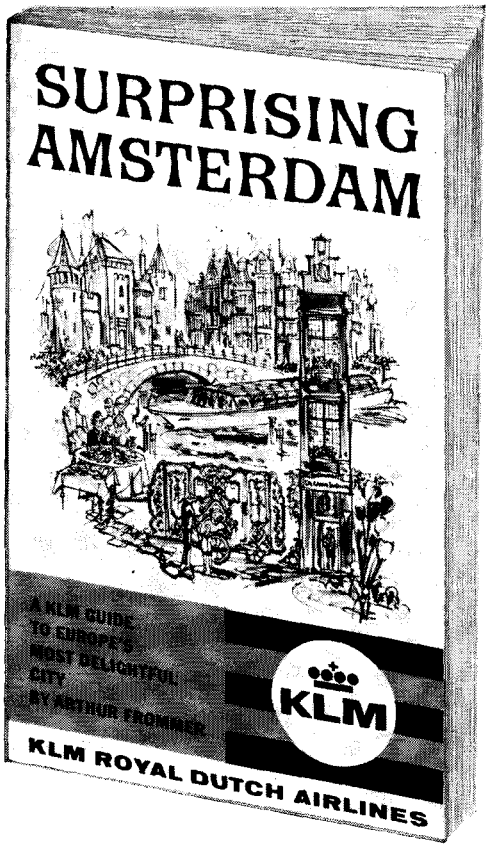

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apart, that is, from any other related amendments to the Taft-Hartley Act.

It was this insistence that led to the defeat last year of two amendments offered by Jacob K. Javits (R., New York) that would have (1) provided for Federal court enforcement of "no-strike" clauses and (2) done away with the "card check" as a substitute for the secret union election—a package which might have made H.R. 77 somewhat more palatable to wavering legislators and editorialists.

The only way H.R. 77 could get through the Senate in its present form would be by a miraculous conversion to cloture of well over a dozen Senators. There has been talk, too, of round-the-clock attrition sessions which, given the relatively small size of Majority Leader Mike Mansfield's contingent, can work greater hardships on the pro-repealers than those who are taking part in the filibuster. Finally, there is even some talk of a trade between Dirksen and his opponents: a consideration and vote on 14 (b) for the same on his reapportionment amendment. At the moment, however, the guessing on Capitol Hill is that, after what is known as a decent interval, Mansfield will file a cloture petition, a vote will be taken, and the Senate will get on with its business.

Business as Usual

If one conceives of the Federal budget as "a series of goals with price tags," as students of such matters sometimes call it, the 1967 addition will provide intelligent reading for many a day to come. And the principal conclusion is likely to be that each year's budget is merely a modest variant of the one it follows, and a preview of the one that will succeed it. Changes are made on the margin, along the periphery; they rarely go to the heart of a program. A little more of this, a little less of that. Through the budget the administration establishes a bargaining position, from which it is prepared to be moved by Congress. But, since the same restraints that keep administrative surgery on last year's model within limits also work on Congress, such moving has a tendency to be moderate.

Nobody starts from scratch. Nobody asks: "Should we have a farm program?" or "should expenditures for commerce and transportation be cut in half, or perhaps doubled?" Nor do many programs enter the stage full-fledged. Things usually start with the foot in the door, the snout under the tent. The rest of the body follows gradually over the years. *Item:* Expenditures lumped under the heading of "Environmental Health and Consumer Protection," which encompasses the entire field of water- and air-pollution prevention and abatement—a subject that has been making ugly headlines throughout the year—are scheduled to rise by less than $100 million in fiscal 1967. Sometimes, as is to some extent true here, faster increases in expenditures are prevented not only by the rules of the game but also by a lack of people with the requisite skills and lack of facts.

At other times, the administration simply follows its "feel" for what Congress will buy of a given program. The fact that neither guns nor butter dominates the new budget is thus rooted no less in the niceties of the budgetary process itself than in smart politics or the state of the economy in early 1966.

But beyond being a series of goals, the budget is also an operating tool for economic policy. Under that heading, and before looking at any details, everyone asks: Does it balance? The reply this time is: It does and it doesn't. Hence much fun can be had by all.

The cash budget (receipts from the public minus payment to the public) should show a half-billion-dollar surplus. The administrative budget (which ignores items that are outside the appropriation process, such as Social Security) should show a deficit of not quite $2 billion; and a third reckoning—which is cast in terms of output of goods and services bought and sold—is estimated to be in the red by another half billion dollars. All of which should yield many learned expositions and much useless debate. Especially as fiscal 1967 hardly strikes one as a year that history might classify under the heading "business as usual."

750 Million Couches

We must confess that we have never taken U Thant too seriously and if, from time to time, his oratory made us gasp a little, we never thought much of it until the next exposure. Occasionally, we must admit, the worthy man says something that deserves to be clipped and filed.

In a recent press conference, he suggested among other things that the Vietcong be invited to participate both in the peace discussions and in a coalition government in South Vietnam. He added some original thoughts on Peking's frame of mind. "Human beings," he said, "have nervous tensions for a peculiar set of circumstances, and even nervous breakdowns. I feel that sometimes some countries too have not only tensions but also nervous breakdowns. When a man has tensions and has a nervous breakdown, I think it is the duty of the community in his immediate environment to see that he is brought around to normalcy and to try to understand the circumstances that led to his tensions. It should try to find some sort of remedy to bring him around. I think the same considerations should apply to a state or a country also. When a country has been treated as an outcast, as an outlaw and as a culprit, I think, apart from other factors, that that particular country is apt to act in a certain strange way."

If U Thant is correct, this raises a formidable problem. Could analysis repair the untold damage we have wrought on the people of China? Certainly U Thant would not recommend shock treatment. Or is he perhaps one of those doctors who find in everybody else the sickness from which they themselves suffer?

One thing is certain. The U.N. may not be the best and last hope of peace on earth, the cornerstone of our or of any other nation's foreign policy. But because of the work of most of its technical agencies and of the legal equality it establishes among great and small powers, the U.N. is a precious institution that the world could not do without. We are sure it will survive U Thant.

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Sammy and His Friends
Sammy Davis Jr. with Frank Sinatra, Edie Adams, Count Basie Orchestra.
Tuesday, February 1 (8:30-9:30 PM)

The Magnificent Yankee
Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne star as Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes and his wife.
Thursday, February 3 (8:30-10 PM)

Garry Moore's People Poll
Entertainment-documentary featuring interviews with Americans on what they think and do.
Friday, February 4 (10-11 PM)

Discovery
Discovery Goes to Greece, Parts I and II; West Berlin; Unesco Puppet Caravan, Part I. Sundays, February 6, 13, 20, 27 (11:30 AM-12 Noon)

Directions '66
A series on Catholic writers: Muriel Spark; James T. Farrell; Thomas Merton; J. F. Powers. Sundays, February 6, 13, 20, 27 (1-1:30 PM)

The Voice of the Dragon
Pictorial account of mass indoctrination and persuasion campaign in Red China.
Sunday, February 6 (6:30-7:30 PM)

The Twentieth Century
How to Fight a Guerrilla War; What a Way to Run a Railroad; Moscow University; Man of the Month; Walter Cronkite narrates. Sundays, February 6, 13, 20, 27 (6-6:30 PM)

Hello, Dolly! 'Round the World
Mary Martin's tour with *Hello, Dolly!* including the visit to Viet Nam.
Monday, February 7 (9-10 PM)

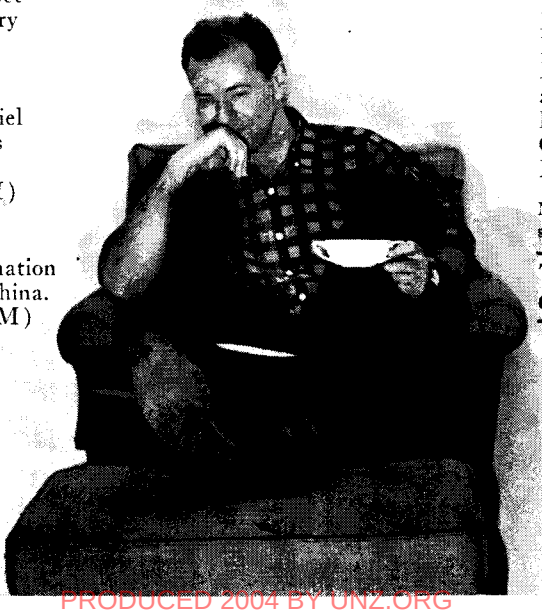
The Voyage of the Brigantine Yankee
Twenty-two young Americans sail before the mast, circling the globe.
Friday, February 11 (7:30-8:30 PM)

Gene Kelly in New York, N.Y.
Gower Champion, Woody Allen and Tommy Steele join Kelly in musical.
Monday, February 14 (10-11 PM)

Anatomy of Pop: The Music Explosion
The sounds and forces at work in the popular music world today.
Tuesday, February 15 (10-11 PM) and Sunday, February 27 (5-6 PM)

An Evening with Carol Channing
Musical variety with Miss Channing, George Burns and David McCallum.
Friday, February 18 (8:30-9:30 PM)

The Daughters of Orange
The mounting problems confronting Holland and the Dutch royal family.
Sunday, February 20 (6:30-7:30 PM)



The Way Out West
Explores the Coast with William Saroyan, Pierre Salinger and the San Francisco Ballet.
Sunday, February 20 (8-9 PM)

New York Philharmonic Young People's Concert
Leonard Bernstein and young soloists.
Tuesday, February 22 (7:30-8:30 PM)

Cinderella
Stars Ginger Rogers, Walter Pidgeon, Celeste Holm, Jo Van Fleet, Lesley Ann Warren.
Wednesday, February 23 (7:30-9 PM)

Michelangelo: The Last Giant
The second of two documentaries on the Renaissance genius' life and work.
Wednesday, February 23 (9-10 PM)

Testing: How Quick is Your Eye?
Audience participation tests viewers on how much and how accurately they see.
Monday, February 28 (10-11 PM)

Regularly Scheduled Programs Monday through Friday
Today/Captain Kangaroo/Sunrise Semester

Tuesdays: CBS Reports

Saturdays:
Captain Kangaroo/Sunrise Semester/ The First Look/Exploring/Wonderful World of Golf/Wide World of Sports/ ABC Scope

Sundays:
Lamp Unto My Feet/Look Up and Live/ Bullwinkle/Camera Three/Discovery/ Face the Nation/Meet the Press/Issues and Answers/Frontiers of Faith/Wild Kingdom/College Bowl/The Twentieth Century/Sports in Action/The Frank McGee Report/Walt Disney

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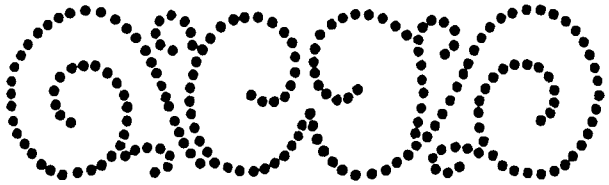

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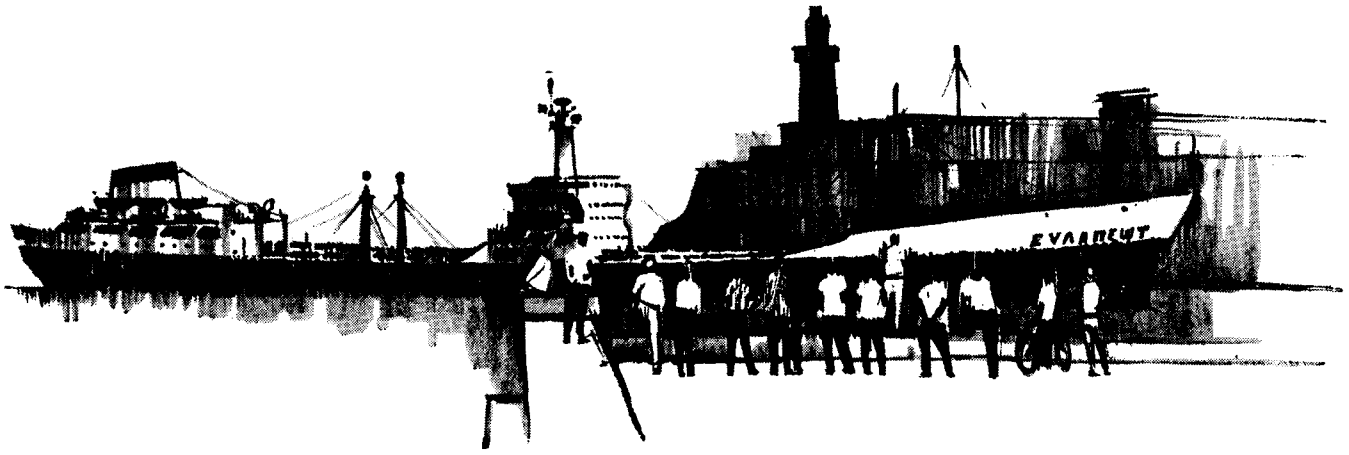

Russia Bids For Ocean Supremacy

NOEL MOSTERT

LONDON

THOUSANDS of Britons, attracted by broadcast publicity, recently flocked down to the London docks, to inspect the new twenty-thousand-ton Soviet passenger liner *Alexander Pushkin*, built in East German shipyards. It was the ship's introduction to the western public, which Moscow hopes will patronize her when she starts sailing between Leningrad and Montreal this spring via European ports. The sightseers found a beautifully streamlined vessel, perhaps a little more garish than her Atlantic rivals but certainly as comfortable. Caviar, needless to say, will be a featured course.

The *Alexander Pushkin's* visit was really the advance celebration of a reasonably certain fact: 1966 will be Russia's year at sea. Moscow fully expects to achieve goals that most people didn't even know the Soviets were aiming for, the principal one being international recognition of the U.S.S.R. as a major maritime power. No other country can possibly match, proportionately speaking, Moscow's creation over the last ten years of one of the largest merchant fleets in the world. Any champagne corks that pop aboard the *Alexander Pushkin* on her maiden voyage undoubtedly will be to toast the dream of eventually having the largest.

Breaking the Ice

The North Atlantic venture itself represents only one of the main goals. For the first time in history, Russia will be a full and regular participant in the western ocean's trade. Actually, the entering wedge came a year ago with a Soviet initiative that has gone largely unrecognized: sending ships to Montreal in the winter, when the St. Lawrence is frozen and to all intents and purposes closed to shipping. A couple of European shipping lines were ahead of the Soviet Union in pioneering Montreal as a year-round port. They had used small, tough vessels, but the shipping world was still skeptical when the Murmansk Arctic Steamship Line announced a service between Montreal and North Sea ports with three 7,500-ton ships that were virtually icebreakers and were manned by veterans in ice navigation.

This was merely a prelude. For example, the Russians have now entered the cruising business. A sister ship of the *Pushkin's*, the *Ivan Franko*, which entered the tourist trade last year, is now about to start a year's charter with the French vacation enterprise Club Méditerranée, to carry Frenchmen on low-cost cruises to the Mediterranean and the Caribbean. Another Russian liner will take British schoolchildren on Scandinavian cruises. Furthermore, Russia also expects to achieve its goal this year of moving seventy-five per cent of its foreign trade in its own vessels. It will graduate a record number of officers from na-

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tional maritime academies. Hundreds of new ships will enter the Soviet merchant marine, and several new shipping services are to be started, linking Russia with countries with which it has not traded directly.

More significantly, the Russians are determined to establish in 1966 a new and closer mercantile association with European countries, particularly Great Britain, whose experience as operators of the largest merchant marine in the world they eagerly wish to share.

The Soviet credentials to the western shipping world usually arrive in the form of their eminently approachable and ebullient Minister of the Merchant Fleet, Victor Bakayev, the closest Soviet approximation to a dedicated western executive, whose great abilities have received scant appraisal in the West. Last fall he was dispatched to London to explain the purposes and intentions of the Soviet merchant marine, and the outcome was one of the more remarkable declarations of co-operation that the Russians have ever made.

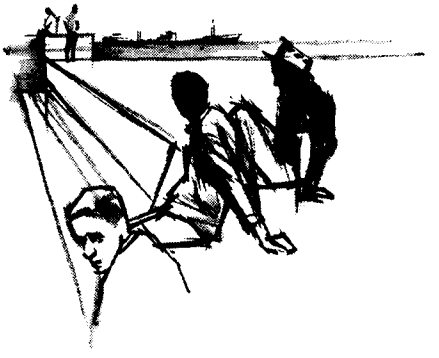
For 1966, Bakayev promised the opening of a northern route for shipping from Europe to the Pacific, to be maintained by a Soviet atomic icebreaker; he approved a British request to ship metals to Iran via the Trans-Russia Canal; and he announced that Russia would join and not undermine the Atlantic shipping conferences, which the steamship lines privately form to regulate passenger and freight rates. "Russia does not want to build up her merchant navy as a sort of monopoly with certain exclusive rights," Bakayev asserted, "and so we do not propose to ignore existing international organizations for co-operation in shipping."

Refuting Mahan

Bakayev seems to have remarkable authority to do and say what he wishes. If there is flair in what the Russians do with their merchant marine, it undoubtedly is due to Bakayev. He more than any other man is responsible for its creation. The astonishing fact is that the job has been done mainly during the past five years.

In a celebrated series of lectures on naval strategy delivered at the United States Naval War College at Newport during the closing years of the last century, Captain A. T. Mahan, USN, observed the fact that ". . . Russia has little maritime commerce, at least in her own bottoms; her merchant flag is rarely seen; she . . . can in no sense be called a maritime nation . . ."

Less than ten years ago, Mahan's remark remained substantially true. Since then Russia has moved from twelfth to seventh place among the maritime nations. It has acquired some seven million tons of shipping, most of it modern and fast and superbly designed. This is being added to at a rate of more than a million tons annually, under a twenty-year series of plans that by 1980 will provide the Soviet Union with a fleet of over twenty million tons—the equivalent of the British merchant marine of today. By that time, depending upon what the Japanese do with their own ambitious plans for mercantile expansion, and assuming that the present rate of decline of western shipping continues, the Russians may have the largest and most modern and diversified merchant



fleet afloat. Indeed, maritime authorities here in London regard this program as second only to the Soviet space successes in political significance. They have no doubt at all that the merchant fleet will be Russia's most powerful economic weapon of the future.

Unquestionably, Russia's ultimate goal is domination of world trade. But even if it fails to attain the top rank, it is sure to come pretty close to it. Moreover, its effective power in this area both now and for the future must be assessed in the light of the fact that several of the Eastern European satellites have also built up sizable fleets and shipbuilding capacity, notably Poland and East Germany. Romania, Bulgaria, even landlocked Hungary and Czechoslovakia (whose flag is being increasingly seen) are also expanding rapidly. The Soviet-bloc nations now operate largely as an integrated maritime unit, pooling their shipping services with a degree of harmony that they do not always achieve in other common enterprises.

Yugoslavia, too, has an impressive shipping industry, with a variety of services throughout the world; but, while working closely with the bloc, which assigns it large shipbuilding orders, it tends to go its own way in trade just as it does politically. In the long run, however, maritime independence may be less easy to maintain than political autonomy, and Yugoslavia may join rather than fight.

THE shipbuilding achievements of the bloc are impressive: the Polish yards alone have launched 2.5 million tons since the war, and nearly five hundred Polish-built ships are sailing under the flags of the Soviet Union, Indonesia, Communist China, Brazil, Cuba, Switzerland, the United Arab Republic, India, and, surprisingly, Britain and France. But far more interesting is the diversity of shipping services that the bloc has established.

There is scarcely a trade route where its ships don't operate. Russia itself now trades in its own bottoms with more than sixty nations. Its ships are sailing from its Baltic, Black Sea, and Far Eastern ports to all parts of Asia, Africa, the Indian Ocean, the Caribbean, South America, the Mediterranean, and, intensively, to both coasts of Canada. Its trawlers, though technically not part of the merchant fleet, are seen everywhere, off Australia, South-West Africa, Newfoundland, the Antarctic.

The examples of the bloc's combined merchant services are numerous. Polish, Czech, and Russian ships provide a joint schedule between Romanian ports and the Middle East; Polish, East German, Czech, and Russian ships sail to West Africa from East German ports. Between Cuba and the Baltic ply Russian, East German, Czech, Polish, and

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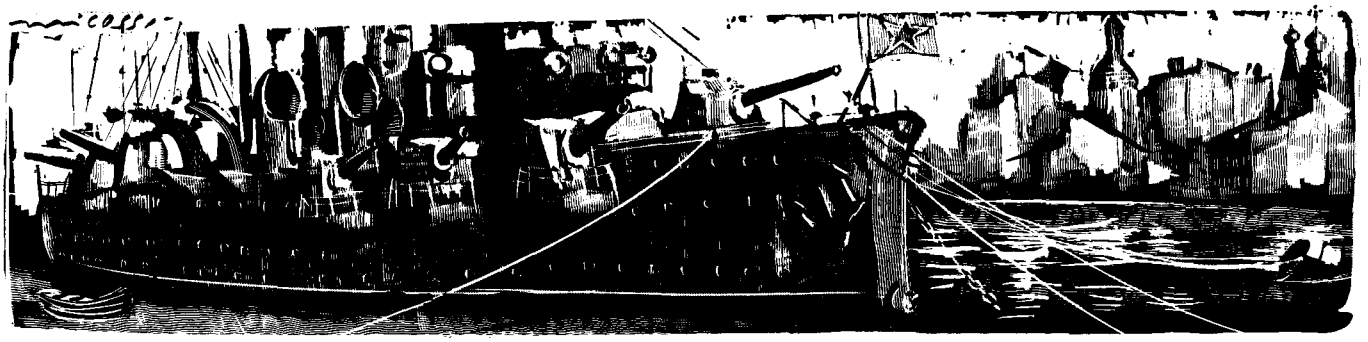

Hungarian ships. Polish and East German vessels operate to a variety of African ports not included in the West African service. Polish ships also run liner services to Mexico, South America, the Indian Ocean, and the Far East. By 1970 it will be exceptional to enter any large port and not encounter several of the bloc flags.

A Legacy of Distrust

The speed and success of this Soviet-bloc merchant expansion and its ingenious insertion into the trading patterns that have been virtual western monopolies for five hundred years was scarcely noticed by the West until recently. Bedeviled by their own complicated rivalries and ruthless competition, which already have done much to undermine the power and potential of the traditional maritime powers, particularly Britain, the western nations have begun to seriously assess the possible consequences.

Lloyd's Register of Shipping, the best-known international authority, puts out annually the most detailed information available on Soviet-bloc shipping. Considerable time and effort are required to evaluate this information, since Communist statistics are not always reliable and the Soviet bloc does not report full details of its shipbuilding to Lloyd's for publication, as almost every other nation does. Nonetheless officials of Lloyd's declare their information to be a "reasonably accurate and fairly complete picture." They see the merchant fleets of the bloc as a "formidable challenge" whose aim is "to capture cargo trade held previously by British and other lines."

How did it all come about? Until recently, a Soviet ship almost anywhere was a novelty. If one thought at all of a Russian ship ten years ago, the image was of a slow coal-burning bucket crewed in part by deep-chested Amazons. The arrival of a Russian ship always provoked the question: What did they want? Were they really coming just for cargo? It is hard to find a comparable situation in world history when the fundamental motive for commerce was so distrusted in a major power since Commodore Perry sailed into Yedo Bay. The swastika fluttering from a jackstaff might have been regarded with distaste, but no one ever doubted the legitimacy of the Nazis' intent to trade. Even the liner *Baltika* aboard which Khrushchev traveled to America (the only sizable Russian merchantman to visit this continent since the war) seemed to confirm something odd in one's concept of Russia at sea. There was a quality about her, some stubborn convention in her lines, that seemed distinctly Russian; like Russian architecture, she clung to some notion of the indeterminate past.

Living near Gibraltar during the past two years, I have been watching the metamorphosis almost as it occurred and can appreciate the bafflement of those who did not expect it.

Gibraltar, the confluence of several major Soviet shipping routes, gets more Russian shipping than any other port outside the Soviet Union. After the British themselves, the Russians are the principal users of the port; and their whaling fleet has been known to spend $750,000 in a few days on its annual visit.

The new Russian merchantmen look as fine as anything afloat. Trawlers, supertankers, the sail-training ships, freighters of all description and size, the whaling fleet, passenger liners, and even tugs and floating docks pass through in an average year. Some vessels, especially tankers, often lie at anchor for days, to no discernible purpose.

The first major step in building this fleet was taken when a five-year plan was launched in 1956 to provide five million tons of shipping under the hammer and sickle by 1960. At the end of the war, Russia had collected *all* the Axis shipping it could as reparations and had clung to whatever it had obtained under Lend-Lease. But the fleet was old and slow and largely decrepit. In 1960 the Soviet shipping officials, expanding the earlier plan, designed a twenty-year plan, which the 22nd Soviet Party Congress adopted the following year. By the end of 1962, Russia had 1,313 merchant vessels with a total gross tonnage of 4,684,000, an increase of 618,000 tons over the previous year.

The Russians seemed obsessed to add tonnage from every possible direction. Their own yards were humming and they placed huge orders abroad as well, with Britain, Italy, Holland, Finland, Sweden, Denmark, West as well as East Germany, France, and Japan. At one point in 1963 they had 236 ships under construction in foreign yards. In May, 1963, Bakayev told *Izvestia* that two large- or medium-tonnage ships came into service every week and that since 1953 the Soviet merchant fleet had increased by 150 per cent. "By 1966," he said then, "we shall have enough ships to cover fully all our foreign shipping requirements."

Typical of Moscow's orders from foreign yards were two big ones for tankers, twenty-five each from Finland and Yugoslavia. Poland got an order for 175 merchant vessels totaling 1.5 million tons for delivery between 1966 and 1970, to include

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fishing depot ships of 10,000 tons, tankers of 20,000 tons, general cargo ships of 12,500 and 6,500 tons, timber carriers of 5,000 tons, ore and coal carriers of 23,000 tons, and trawlers and weather ships.

Not content with all the new construction at home and abroad, Russia also entered the world market in 1963 and bought a dozen 10,000-ton eleven-knot World War II ships, paying $180,000 each, much more than the going rate at the time. It also started buying up Liberties.

Decline in the West

The Russian merchant fleet's total of seven million tons means that it now exceeds in size the American active fleet. By 1971, with a projected ten million tons to its credit, its superiority over the United States fleet would be two to one. Moreover, two-thirds of the approximately two thousand vessels (not including trawlers and fishing craft) in the Soviet merchant fleet are less than ten years old, and fifty-eight per cent of the tankers are less than five years old, compared with a world average of thirty-six per cent.

The seeming abdication of American resolve and initiative in this field leaves the Soviet without challenge; nobody else has the resources, not to speak of the determination, to match such an effort. Yet it was America itself that set the precedent for this very type of crash state-inspired merchant expansion, with the Maritime Commission's prewar program of replacing old tonnage with a magnificent standardized fleet. Almost overnight there was a distinctively American silhouette on the seas, a new initiative in commerce. But those ships, still fast and good-looking, are nearly at the end of their careers, and the dream of the fleet of which they were to be the nucleus has slowly vanished, crushed by high operating costs and labor problems.

The active fleet of the United States merchant marine has declined from 2,332 to fewer than nine hundred ships in twenty years; it now carries only nine per cent of American foreign trade instead of the over fifty per cent it handled after the war. Even when the enormous difference in volume between American and Russian trade is taken into account there is still an awesome reversal of role and of ambition here.

The British figures look less drastic but they are every bit as serious, perhaps more so considering Britain's tradition of overwhelming superiority. In 1938 fifty-seven per cent of British imports arrived in British ships. It is now down to forty-eight per cent, and the decline continues. "The West, and Britain especially, is losing its mercantile domination faster than anyone supposes," one of Britain's leading shipping operators told me. "In Britain and Scandinavia, ship management has always been hereditary, passing down from father to son. That was fine for the nineteenth and early twentieth century, but the inbred practices which it encouraged and which worked when we had everything our way won't do now. Whether we like it or not, the state has got to come into shipping if shipping is to do the national job it must. Otherwise we will all wake up in ten years' time and find that the food we eat and the goods we make are coming and going mainly in foreign ships. For Britain, at any rate, it's like giving someone a knife and offering our throat and saying 'cut.' It is a bigger threat than Germany's U-boats ever were."

While this view may be overly pessimistic, the British dilemma *is* the crucial one because the fate of western commerce ultimately could depend upon it. Britain has been the central authority and force too long for its collapse not to affect the whole structure.

British shipping, which is not directly subsidized, is contracting because of lack of government support and intense competition from state-owned, state-protected, and state-subsidized foreign fleets. The profit margin on which shipping works has become the lowest of any industry in Britain. The contraction has been such that where Britain once operated almost a quarter of world shipping tonnage, it now holds only an eighth. While the world's merchant fleet was increasing from 84 million tons in 1950 to 160 million in 1965, Britain managed only a 3.5-million-ton increase to 21.5 million tons.

If the British mercantile leadership lapses, the pivotal center of world commerce will very likely move to the East. This is assured not only by the Soviet-bloc expansion but also by the Japanese plans —the most ambitious ever laid down for shipping and calling for a state aided expansion to forty million tons by 1980 from the present fleet of eight million tons. This possibility is the central concern of those in London who are appraising the impact of Soviet-bloc shipping.

THE RUSSIANS of course are only too well aware of the current crises and conflicts of western shipping; it is the breach through which they hope to enter and no doubt will. The abdication of Britain as the world's mercantile leader would provide an opportunity of winning by default rather than by conspiracy and competition. The tone that Victor Bakayev adopted in London last fall was that of a hopeful but duti-

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fully considerate nephew at the bedside of a rich and ailing aunt. But what disturbed some British shipping men as much as anything was the attitude of almost pathetic gratitude with which Bakayev's various promises and offers were received.

For one thing, he brought Russian business back to the Baltic Exchange, perhaps the world's most important brokerage center for the chartering of ships, which effectively maintains London as the center of international maritime negotiation. Earlier on, the Russians had withdrawn their business after the Exchange had refused membership to a Russian shipping line because its rules bar state-owned organizations. As Bakayev himself correctly pointed out, Britain lost millions of pounds after he had canceled all Russian business with the Exchange. But by last fall a "mutual understanding" was reached and Bakayev authorized Soviet business to be placed with the Exchange once more. In return, however, he asked for British help in opposing "international blacklists" similar to those which "hamper" trade with Cuba. These blacklists, he said, prevented Russia from hiring ships in the open market, which was one reason why it was building up its merchant navy. "It would be much easier for us to hire British tonnage, pay the money, and have no worries," Bakayev told a press conference. "But blacklists often mean that Russia has to go down on her knees to beg for ships, and it is impossible to exist in this way."

The most bizarre point of all was his pledge to ally Russia with Britain to uphold the principle of freedom of the seas, specifically in opposition to unilateral actions by which some countries might restrict international shipping. "There are some countries which infringe freedom on the high seas and we will fight these people together now," he stoutly asserted.

He meant, of course, the United States, and to a lesser degree certain South American countries such as Uruguay, with which Britain and ten other European nations are feuding.

This mercantile feud, a bitter and protracted one, involves a disagreement over transatlantic rates and, as the British see it, an attempt to extend U.S. laws to foreign shipping. The Americans have claimed that shipping rates are discriminatory, at least a third higher eastbound than westbound. The British, speaking for themselves and the Europeans, claim that the Americans misunderstand the rate schedules and insist that they will not allow examination of their ledgers by U.S. authorities. The quarrel is highly complicated, but its relevance here is that, as Bakayev's London visit showed, it threatens to involve the Russians even more intimately in western shipping operations and calculations and accelerate what could become a dangerous dependence.

It also reflects the underlying pessimism that marks present shipping operations. Retaliatory actions, one nation against the other, only serve to exacerbate conditions, breaking down the whole western maritime structure even further. If the western decline continues at its present rate and the East increases as it is doing, it is hard to see how the West can continue to hold control of the world freight market beyond the mid- or late 1970's. If it has any advantage at all, it is still in technical superiority, with the appearance of highly automated vessels such as the new American President Line freighters. But quality on a small scale won't be able to compete with the sort of serviceable quantity that the Soviet bloc is producing.

Moscow's self-interest and prestige require at the moment an independence from others for the carriage of its growing external trade, plus intrusion of the Red Flag upon the consciousness of all trading nations, especially the newly emerging ones. The Russian merchant fleet thus serves in immediate political and military situations such as the 1962 Cuban crisis, which would not have been possible without the Soviet merchant navy. By 1970, however, an attitude of reasonableness and conciliation may no longer be convenient. By then, the Soviets will be equipped to go much further, and the combined strength of the bloc will be capable of undermining the western hold upon any particular trade simply by undercutting to any price level it wishes. Without labor unions to harass them and with utter disregard for operating costs, they will be better able to move ships where they wish and when they wish—the sort of authority that no major western shipping power has ever had, or is likely to have, except in time of war.

The Russians have already indicated the sort of maneuver that might be possible. In 1961 they sold some oil to new nations at prices between ten and twenty per cent below world market prices, undercutting western suppliers in minor but traditional markets. As one shipping man explained here, "The possibilities for economic blackmail are incalculable and do not bear thinking about." Unless someone *does* start thinking, the situation may be irretrievable by the time they finally get around to it.

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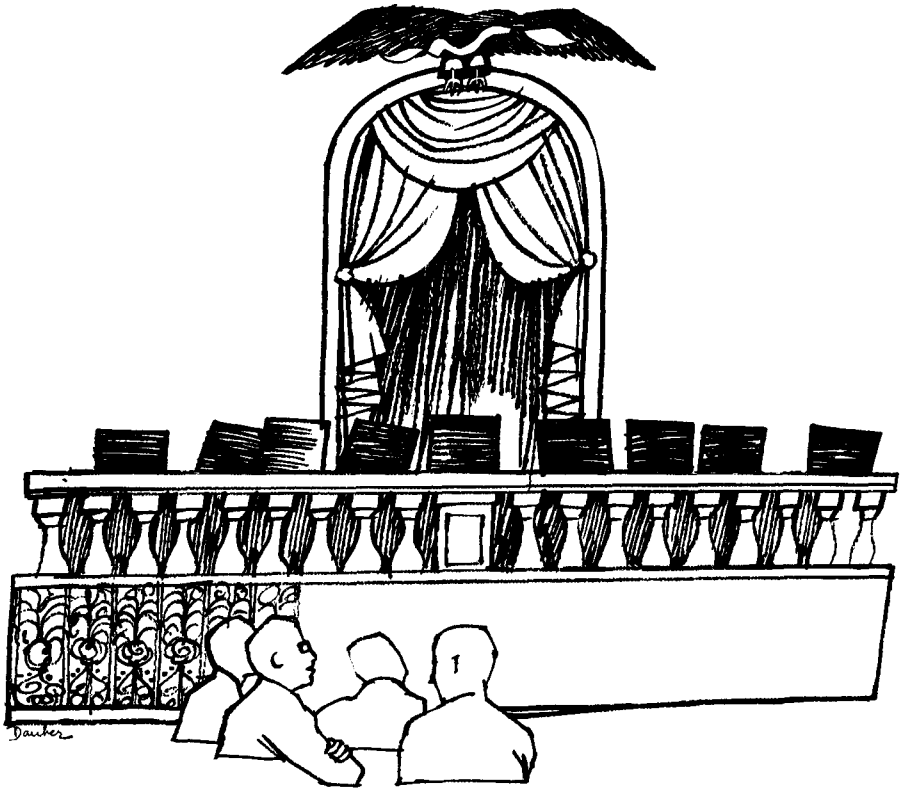

Financing Our Parties

NEAL R. PEIRCE

To the surprise of practically everyone, President Johnson proposed in his State of the Union address a comprehensive reform of campaign financing practices. In 1963 when he took office, the President had canceled a planned White House conference on election finance and declined to espouse President Kennedy's proposed reforms in the field. According to his recent message, however, the President looks with favor on revision of "present unrealistic restrictions on contributions—to prohibit proliferation of committees, bringing local and state committees under the act—to attach strong teeth and severe penalties to the requirement for full disclosure of contributions."

The President's address was notably silent, however, on the question of corporate involvement in politics. Just before Christmas, the President's own party published a lavishly illustrated 178-page extravaganza entitled *Toward an Age of Greatness,* packed with $15,000-a-page corporate ads that would seem to violate the spirit, if not the letter, of the campaign spending laws already on the books.

The legal gyrations the Democrats went through to show that *Age of Greatness* did not violate the law are typical of the attitude with which politicians have approached the campaign spending laws ever since Congress wrote them early in the century. In the case of their latest venture into corporate advertising, the Democrats last summer arranged—through a public-relations firm in charge of the book's publication, Maurer, Fleischer, Zon & Associates—for a legal opinion on the legality and tax deductibility of corporate involvement in the project. The opinion was prepared by the Washington law firm of Corcoran, Foley, Youngman & Rowe. Both firms are closely tied to the national Democratic Party and the party's allies in organized labor.

Corcoran, Foley, Youngman & Rowe counts among its partners Thomas G. Corcoran, a prominent New Deal attorney and Democratic politician, and James H. Rowe, Jr., the well-known Democratic political figure and friend of President Johnson. Henry Fleischer, a member of Maurer, Fleischer, Zon & Associates, was formerly editor of the *CIO News* and director of publications for the AFL-CIO. Henry Zon of the same firm was public-relations director of the CIO Political Action Committee (PAC) and later research director of the AFL-CIO Committee on Political Education (COPE). His wife, Mary Zon, still holds the latter post. As for the Committee on Voter Education and Registration, listed as the official publisher of *Toward an Age of Greatness,* it is in fact, if not in name, a creature of the Democratic National Committee, although its affairs are administered by Maurer, Fleischer, Zon & Associates. The ad books and the VEC were the innovations of Democratic National Treasurer Richard Maguire, who resigned last month, and only Democrats were involved in the effort. But the casual reader of the legal "opinion" would never detect these relationships. The opinion states that the Voter Education Committee will "encourage the most effective use of the republican process of government . . . without regard to political party."

A Nonpartisan Opinion

How does the opinion deal with Section 610, Title 18, of the U.S. Code, which flatly prohibits corporations from making contributions in connection with election for any political office? It blandly asserts that ("needless to say") this would not apply, since VEC would not be concerned with any specific elections. It does not mention that the registration efforts financed by VEC would be in areas specified by local VECs, likewise creations of local Democratic parties, and with the clear intent of aiding Democratic campaigns. Taking the nonpartisan argument a bit further, the opinion dismisses as inapplicable Section 608

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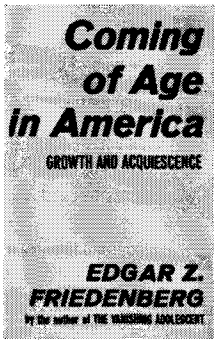

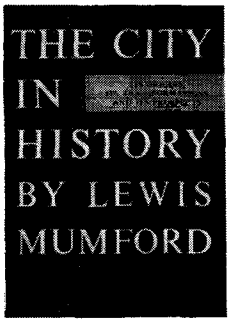

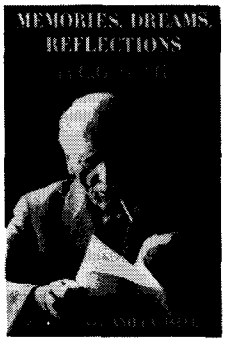

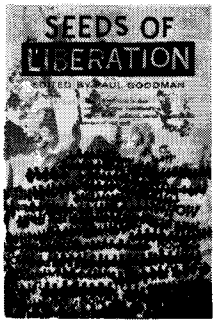

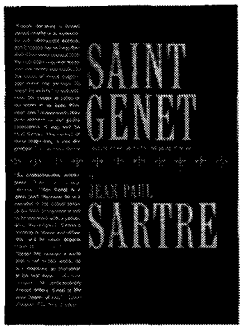

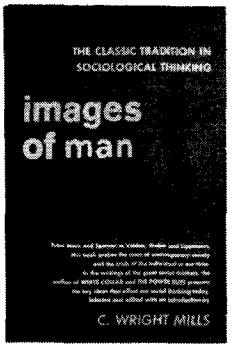

ANY 3

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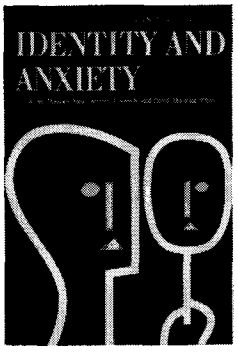

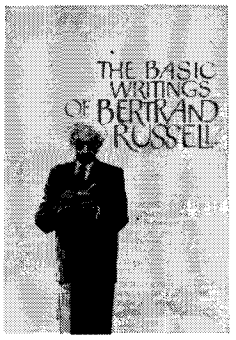

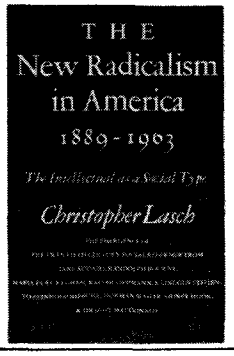

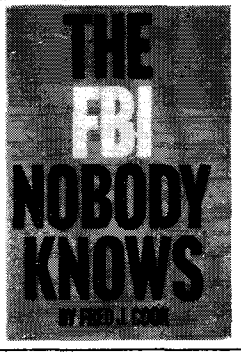

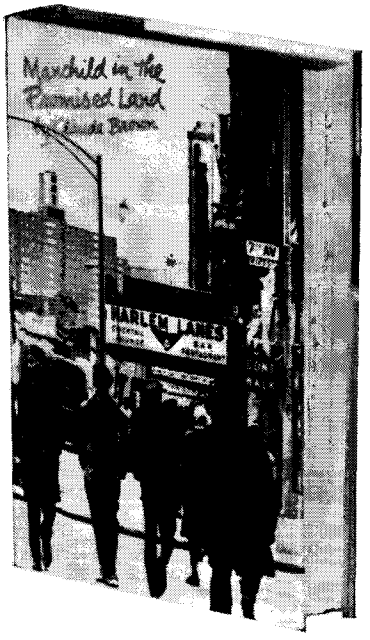

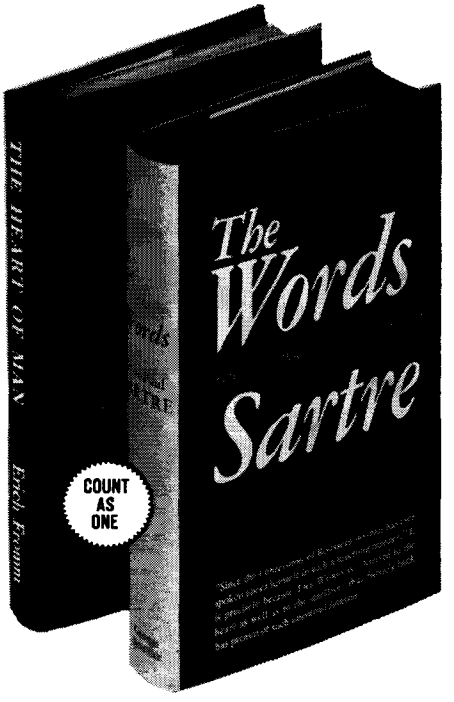

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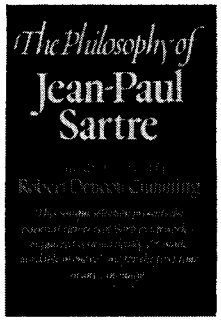

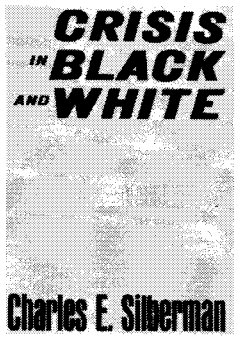

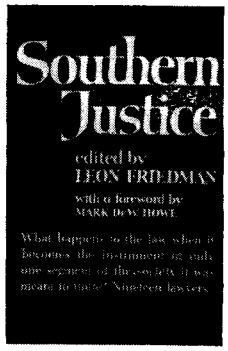

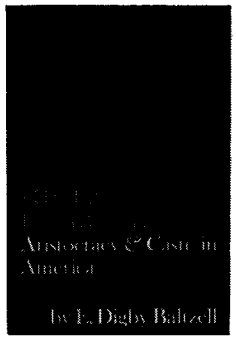

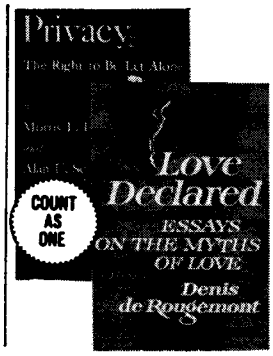

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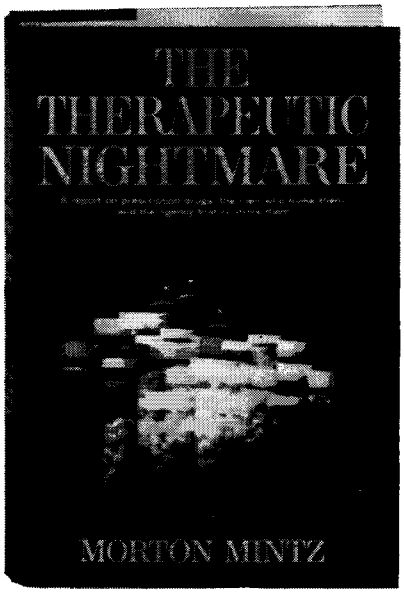

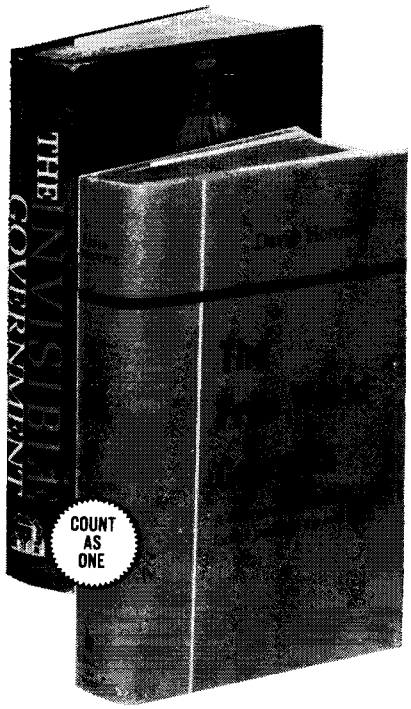

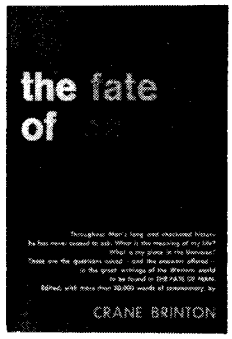

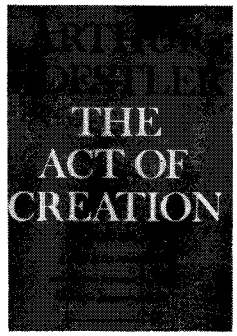

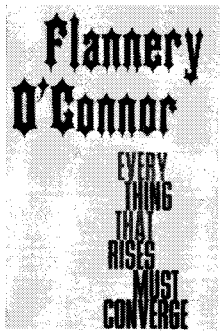

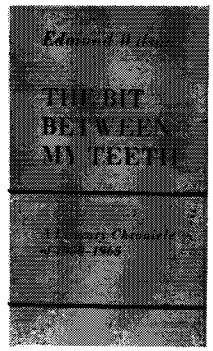

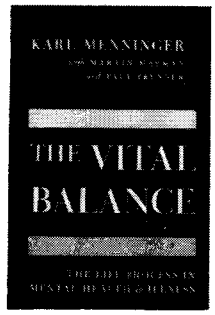

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of Title 18, which forbids various types of gifts—including advertising—that would benefit candidates or work to "the success of any national political party," on the grounds that VEC would work on voter registration "without regard to whether the election is partisan or nonpartisan." The argument stands in strange contrast to the story given Democratic Congressmen in briefing sessions last summer. They were told then that VEC "education and registration efforts" would be "pointed to the election and re-election of Congressional candidates which support the Democratic views of the committee." VEC meetings, it was said, would include "committee members and Democratic members of Congress."

As for the portion of Title 18 that prohibits any contributions by government contractors to political parties or candidates "for any political purpose or use," this is disposed of by asserting that the section "would be unconstitutional" unless limited to Federal office alone. In fact, none of these sections are to be taken very seriously, one gathers, since, as the opinion puts it, "all three are criminal statutes and consequently must be construed strictly. In other words, even if if there were some ambiguity in the language, the language would have to be construed in your favor." Thus the criminal statutes, all perfectly clear in their intent to keep corporations out of politics, are neatly brushed aside as Democrats advise Democrats on the legality of a Democratic effort. The same game, of course, has been played by the Republicans whenever national power has come their way.

In like manner, a way has been found to sidestep Internal Revenue Service regulations that forbid corporations from claiming tax deductions for ads in political magazines unless "such expenditures are reasonable in amount and bear a direct relation to the advertiser's business." The brief from Corcoran, Foley, Youngman & Rowe points first to a 1948 Tax Court case in which a challenge to a corporate ad in that year's Democratic national convention program was dismissed. This leaves "no question" that the money spent for an ad in a VEC book is deductible, the brief says.

As for the question whether the advertising rates charged are "reasonable in amount" in view of the corporation's business, the brief suggests that each company judge for itself and make an affirmative judgment "so long as the benefit to be reasonably anticipated by the corporation is commensurate with the expenditure."

Thus political ads are not only found to be exempt from prosecution under the criminal statutes; they are tax deductible as well. In effect, the taxpayer is charged for almost half the cost of each ad, since the corporations recoup forty-eight per cent of the cost through tax deductions.

Naturally, there is no consideration of whether a $15,000-a-page rate in the Democrats' ad book, to be distributed to a maximum of 250,000 readers, is "reasonable" expenditure. The cost-per-thousand distribution of such an ad would be $60, compared with just over $5 for distribution to each thousand readers of a national magazine like *Time*. The problem of "reasonableness" is a thorny one, however, and the Internal Revenue Service has encountered substantial difficulties in judging that question in such a politically volatile area.

A LOOK at history suggests that the Democrats' latest venture is just another step in a steady erosion of U.S. laws that bar corporations from involvement in active politics. It was the Republicans' heavy receipts from gigantic corporations around the turn of the century that led to the first laws forbidding direct corporate involvement in campaigns. In 1896, Mark Hanna raised a fund variously estimated at between $3.5 million and $16.5 million to elect William McKinley President. In 1904 it was charged that millions were being poured into the Republicans' Presidential campaign to elect Theodore Roosevelt. The first hint of the real extent of these gifts came in 1905 when Charles Evans Hughes, in a life-insurance investigation, found that New York Life had contributed $48,000 to the Republican campaign. Hearings in the mid-teens finally disclosed just how great the role of corporations and business leaders had been in Roosevelt's 1904 campaign. Some of the other contributions: E. H. Harriman, $50,000; H. H. Rogers and John D. Archbold of Standard Oil, $100,000; H. C. Frick, $50,000; George J. Gould, $100,000; C. S. Mellen of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad, $50-000; J. P. Morgan, $150,000; Cuba Mail Steamship Co., $10,000.

After the 1904 election, a move for Federal legislation to prohibit corporate giving and to compel disclosure of sources of campaign gifts took shape in the National Publicity Law Association, headed by

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former Congressman Perry Belmont (D., New York). Associated with him in his efforts were Hughes, William Jennings Bryan, former President Charles W. Eliot of Harvard, and Samuel Gompers. In 1907 Congress finally passed a law making it illegal for any corporation or national bank to make a contribution or expenditure in connection with any election to any political office. This provision was later incorporated in the Corrupt Practices Act of 1925, which is still in effect.

From the start, however, corporations found loopholes in the Federal law. For instance, they would simply give executives bonuses with which they as individuals could make campaign gifts; this practice is known to continue to the present day. Or services "in kind" may be furnished—the provision of office equipment, the lending of the services of public-relations firms and lawyers, the permitting of corporate officers to spend substantial amounts of their time on political activities.

Gifts to the political parties by corporate executives have continued to be heavy over the years. Following the 1956 Presidential compaign, the Senate Rules Committee's subcommittee on Privileges and Elections, headed by Senator Albert Gore (D., Tennessee), made a painstakingly thorough analysis of the sources of funds for the major political committees. An analysis by Alexander Heard of the Gore Report data showed that 199 of 225 of the nation's largest firms had officials whose names turned up in the files of contributors for 1956. Of a hundred manufacturing concerns, ninety-six were represented; of twenty-five commercial banks, all twenty-five; of twenty-five transportation companies, twenty-four; of twenty-five life-insurance companies, twenty; of twenty-five trade groups, seventeen; of twenty-five public utilities, seventeen. Most of the contributions went to the Republican Party.

Paging All Boosters

By 1964, especially under the peculiar conditions of the Goldwater campaign, a large portion of the corporate gifts shifted from the Republicans to the Democrats. Members of the influential Business Council, who had given $241,000 to the Republicans and $35,000 to the Democrats in 1960, sharply reduced their gift to $87,100 for the Republicans as against $135,450 for the Democrats. 1964 was also the year that saw inauguration of the fund-raising political advertisement book —long a favorite of parties within the individual states—as a major weapon of fund raising on a national scale. The Democrats, who had been short-changed on corporate gifts over the decades, staked out this new territory, and were shortly followed by the Republicans, who were loath to leave such a lucrative field to their opponents.

The vehicle for the first breakthrough, under Democratic Treasurer Maguire, was the official convention program for the Democratic national convention in Atlantic City. Ads in previous convention programs had cost only a few thousand dollars a full page, and the top Republican convention program rate for 1964 was $5,000 a page. But the Democrats, with no apparent loss of business, were able to boost their rate to $15,000 for a full page. The result: a neat $1.5-million profit from convention operations. The profits, according to Democratic National Chairman John Bailey, went for "educational" rather than political purposes. The Democrats refused to render an accounting of how they spent the money, though reports indicated some of it had gone into registration drives—in predominantly Democratic areas, of course. The only expense the Democrats officially admitted to was $50,000 to the National Council for Civic Responsibility, a group established to counter right-wing propaganda.

APPARENTLY feeling they had missed a good bet, the Republicans promptly put together their own slick eighty-page magazine, *Congress —The Heartbeat of Government.* Published late in 1964, it netted $247,000 worth of ads at $10,000 a page. The proceeds went into Republican research operations in the House of Representatives. The Republicans have already announced their intention to publish another such book this year, with ad rates set at $15,000 a page.

In the meantime, the Democrats in December, 1965, published their latest ad book, *Toward an Age of Greatness,* with sixty-eight firms buying full-page ads. The books were scheduled to be distributed at a series of national movie premieres under the sponsorship of the same "Voter Education Committees" that were listed as official publishers of the advertisement book. Among those who contributed articles to *Age of Greatness* were prominent Democratic officeholders such as Vice-President Humphrey, Secretary of Commerce John T. Connor, Secretary of Labor W. Willard Wirtz, OEO Director Sargent

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Shriver, Secretary of the Interior Stewart L. Udall, and the new Secretary of Housing and Urban Development, Robert C. Weaver. The book took care not to extol the Democratic Party as such, but not a single Republican contributed an article.

Purchasers of the ads in *Toward an Age of Greatness* included eleven of the top twenty-five defense contractors in the past fiscal year. These full-page advertisers (each paying $15,000), with the total amounts of their defense contracts in fiscal 1965, were: Lockheed Aircraft ($1,715 million), Grumman Aircraft Engineering Corp. ($353 million), Sperry Rand Corp. ($318 million), Martin-Marietta Corp. ($299 million), Ford Motor Co. ($312 million), General Tire and Rubber Co. ($302 million), Hughes Aircraft Co. ($278 million), Long-Temco-Vought Inc. ($265 million), General Motors Corp. ($254 million), Avco Corp. ($234 million), and International Telephone & Telegraph Corp. ($208 million). Also included among the advertisers were a number of industries under government regulation or recipients of government subsidies—six airlines (Braniff, Continental, American, Pan American, Eastern, and TWA), three railroads (the Milwaukee Road, Southern Railway System, and Union Pacific), two steamship lines (United States and Matson), and a gas company (Tennessee Gas Transmission).

Among the smaller firms showing their loyalty to the Democratic cause were the Carlyle Hotel in New York City, where the late President Kennedy often stayed (as do President and Mrs. Johnson from time to time), and United Artists, whose president, Arthur Krim, has served as head of the President's Club in New York City and nationally. Several other movie firms, all apparently hoping to share in the Democrats' movie-premiere program, also paid up to $15,000 for full-page ads. These included Twentieth Century-Fox, Universal City Studios, Paramount Theaters, Columbia Pictures Corp., Loew's theatres and hotels, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and Paramount Pictures.

The Voter Education Committees' movie premieres, starting in December, were originally expected to net

$2 to $3 million—on top of the profit of between $600,000 and $700,000 from *Age of Greatness*. Less than eighty of the up to two hundred premieres planned were actually held, and only 100,000 of the 250,000 copies of *Age of Greatness* were distributed by January. One Congressman, Charles L. Weltner of Atlanta, consented to have a movie premiere in his district but balked at distribution of *Age of Greatness*. Weltner said that "it would not be appropriate for me to bill this frankly and plainly as a money raiser for me, which it is, and at the same time as a benefit for voter education, which it is not." Weltner's comment pointed up an anomaly in the movie premieres: though they were described in Washington as nonpartisan undertakings of voter-education groups and though the Democratic National Committee took pains to obscure its direct staff aid in their preparation, it was recognized in individual Congressional districts that the money gathered would go directly into Democratic coffers. Several Democratic Congressmen admitted that they would use the funds for their 1966 campaigns.

Announcing their own $15,000-a-page ad book for 1966, the Republicans in December brushed off questions of legal challenge by asking who would "throw the first stone." But the danger existed that the Justice Department, exposed to the spotlight of public opinion, might eventually be forced to take action.

Post-Election Reading

Examining the official spending reports on the New York mayoralty race, for instance, the Washington *Evening Star* found that the Royal National Bank of New York had made quarter-million-dollar loans to a "journal committee" and a "dinner committee" working in behalf of the unsuccessful Democratic candidate, Abraham D. Beame. Royal National is a national bank, and the 1907 Federal law specifically prohibits national banks from making contributions, loans, or expenditures "in connection with any election to any political office." The Justice Department inaugurated an investigation in early December. In addition, New York County District Attorney Frank Hogan undertook his own investigation under New York State law because the advertisement book on Beame's behalf (with ad rates up to $5,000 a page) had not appeared until twenty-one days after the dinner at which advertisers were told it would be distributed and twelve days after the election, in which Beame lost to Republican-Liberal John V. Lindsay. Reports indicated that Royal National's $250,000 loan to launch the Beame Journal Committee had been

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used, in effect, to finance the regular Democratic campaign during the pre-election period.

Soon after these events unfolded, the Democratic National Committee announced the resignation of Treasurer Maguire, effective January 1. Chairman Bailey praised Maguire, the author of the new ad-book rates and the movie premieres, as "one of the greatest treasurers in our history." But a number of high-ranking Democrats expressed satisfaction that the close-mouthed Maguire, who had consistently denied full financial reports to the National Committee membership, had departed. Reports leaking out of the committee soon after Maguire's departure indicated a $2-million deficit. And as worries mounted about the legality of the political ad book, Democrats began to talk about the possibility of turning over the revenue from *Age of Greatness* to a respected foundation interested in engaging in voter-registration drives with both Democratic and Republican participation. The move toward a legitimately nonpartisan format came after President Johnson expressed concern about public criticism to his White House political aide, Marvin Watson. Watson in turn consulted Attorney General Nicholas deB. Katzenbach. Any registration efforts, Democrats felt, would work ultimately to their advantage because of the preponderance of Democrats among the unregistered.

It is doubtful whether the Justice Department will see fit to investigate the legality of *Age of Greatness* or the forthcoming Republican ad book. Like the requirements for full reporting of campaign financing under the Corrupt Practices Act, the prohibitions against corporate involvement in politics have never been enforced. In fact, there has never been a single Justice Department prosecution under the Corrupt Practices Act since the law was enacted in 1925. A full-blown reform movement on the scale of the one launched by Perry Belmont, Charles Evans Hughes, and their friends sixty years ago may be required before any serious effort is made to enforce compliance with these long-ignored Federal statutes.

The Minor Masterpiece Of Ray C. Bliss

ALAN L. OTTEN and CHARLES B. SEIB

No one ever said that being the chairman of a national political party out of power is an easy or rewarding job. He must refill empty coffers and patch up the cracked old image in time for the next elections. Ideally, he should also be a leader around whom the defeated can rally, a master mediator who can silence recriminations, a hero who can boldly build on whatever public esteem the party may retain. If ever a party needed such a figure, it was the Republicans after the 1964 Goldwater debacle. But the fifty-eight-year-old Ray C. Bliss of Ohio, who has been in office for almost a year now, appears to fall considerably short of the ideal.

Bliss, as party officials had reason to know when they chose him to replace Dean Burch, is an experienced, methodical political technician. As might have been expected, he has moved slowly and painstakingly, doing some things well and others poorly. When Bliss took over from Burch, he himself warned that he was "no political miracle man who will effect wondrous measures overnight." Probably the acclaim that greeted his accession at the time reflected less a belief in him as a miracle worker than sheer relief at being rid of Burch. Moreover, it is the very qualities for which he is now being criticized that originally made Bliss so welcome.

The Office Chairman

Bliss came to Washington with impressive credentials. True, his political career had started inauspiciously when he was thrown out of Akron University in his senior year on charges—dropped much later—of stuffing the ballot box in a contest for campus May Queen. But he has risen steadily since then. After his dismissal (he later received his degree), he plunged into Akron politics and became county vice-chairman during the depression. By concentrating on candidate-selection and organization, he began a long period of success for the Republicans in a heavily Democratic city.

After the national election of 1948 had removed Republicans from almost every statewide office in Ohio, the late Senator Robert A. Taft asked Bliss to take over the state organization and rebuild GOP fortunes. By 1950, the Republicans had recaptured the state legislature; over the next few years they gradually won back every statewide office except the governorship, held by the conservative Democrat Frank J. Lausche. "At some time, nearly every state chairman must make a basic decision," Bliss wrote in a chapter contributed to a 1960 book on national politics, "as to whether he will be an office chairman, managing the party affairs from state headquarters, or a speaking chairman, traveling over the state day in and day out, making public appearances. There are both types. I have chosen to be primarily an office chairman."

Bliss fitted this definition exactly: a fair man who made a fetish of keeping his word; a stickler for accuracy, a striver for perfection who did not hesitate to drive himself and those around him. He had money men to raise what he felt he needed but who gave him a free hand to dole the funds out to individual candidates or spend it on a large staff. Though a conservative, he believed that the party had to run moderate candidates in moderate districts and even liberal candidates in liberal districts.

Bliss's growing reputation got its biggest boost in 1960 when Ohio, which the politicians and pollsters had confidently assigned to Kennedy, was the single big Northern industrial state to go for Nixon. In 1961, Republican National Chairman Thruston B. Morton asked Bliss to head a Committee on Big

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City Politics to see what could be done about improving the dismal GOP showings in the major population centers. The result was a blueprint for effective big-city party organizations that was widely hailed and quoted but never put into operation.

FOR A RECORD and experience such as this, the GOP was prepared in January, 1965, to overlook a number of possible shortcomings. Perhaps it hadn't been so hard after all to look good in Republican-leaning Ohio in normal years; and in a bad year, such as 1964, Illinois, Indiana, and a few other Northern states actually put up a better Republican showing against Johnson than Ohio did. Furthermore, despite Bliss's big-city report, GOP organizational efforts in Ohio were still confined for the most part to the smaller towns and rural areas.

There were questions of personality as well: Bliss tended to be preoccupied with detail, and gave little evidence of broad vision or talent for public relations. When he did speak in public, he was awkward, dull, and prone to utter platitudes. He detested controversy. Nor did he seem to have a fighting spirit when it was most needed.

In 1964, for instance, Bliss knew that Barry Goldwater spelled disaster for the party, but in the face of big financial support for the Arizonan, he held back a move to back Rockefeller or Scranton and tried instead a temporizing holding action for Governor James C. Rhodes as a favorite son. The Governor finally gave the delegation to Goldwater, notifying Bliss after he had decided; and in the ensuing Johnson sweep, Bliss's carefully groomed Senate candidate, Robert A. Taft, Jr., lost a bid that might have set him on the road to the Presidential nomination.

In January, 1965, however, the Republican Party's need was great, and Bliss's middle-of-the-road, brick-by-brick, non-ideological approach seemed exactly right to a majority of the party. Even then, getting the party to agree on Bliss hadn't been an easy feat. As on the two or three previous occasions when he was considered for the chairmanship, Bliss insisted he would not take the job in a fight or without a free hand—and Goldwater and his defeated running mate, William E. Miller, were rallying support for Burch. Finally a group headed by Nebraska National Committeeman Donald Ross managed to convince Goldwater that it had the votes to dump Burch at the National Committee meeting scheduled for late January in Chicago. To avoid another humiliating defeat, Goldwater agreed to ask Burch to quit, provided that Burch could enjoy a few more face-saving months on the job. Accordingly, not until April 1 did Bliss move into the chairman's offices in the Cafritz Building, just a couple of blocks from the White House.

The Cupboard Was Bare

In Washington Bliss soon found his job incredibly more difficult and complicated than anything he had faced back in Ohio. For one thing, he had to deal with Democratic competition that was tougher and better organized than the quarreling, inept Ohio Democratic Party. For another, he had little control over Congressional fund-raising machinery, and his voice in selection of candidates was minimal. As a result, Bliss doesn't have nearly the influence over Senators and Representatives that he had over members of the Ohio legislature—an influence he formerly used to push attractive newcomers into more prominent roles, to put down internal fighting, and to deliver favors to important contributors. Moreover, the Washington press corps has been far less friendly and docile than the Columbus newsmen were.

And, to put it mildly, the headquarters into which he walked in April of 1965 was a mess. There was money enough in the treasury for about two months, and there was no finance chairman. The Senate and House Republican Campaign Committees were aggressively raising funds on their own. Old-time committee staffers, who in previous GOP defeats had provided some degree of continuity, had been fired in the summer of 1964 by Burch and replaced by pure-blooded Goldwaterites who now had to be eased out. Bad breaks made matters even worse. The most notable of these was the occasion when Bliss's top personal aide, William Cody Kelly, was discovered rifling the desk of a Goldwater holdover, looking for a missing mailing list. Bliss had to fire Kelly.

As he had in Ohio, Bliss made financial security his first major goal, persuading General Lucius D. Clay to take over as Finance Committee chairman. Clay wanted some degree of policy control, but after prolonged and not always amicable negotiations, Bliss persuaded him to concentrate on money raising and leave the spending to the politicians. Then their joint troubles began. Bliss and Clay had hoped to center all national Republican fund raising in the National Committee, absorbing the independent money-raising activities of the Senate and House Campaign Committees and particularly the highly successful House Boosters Club, which seeks $1,000 contributions from well-heeled Republicans toward the building of a $2-million fund to finance promising GOP candidates against incumbent Democratic House members.

Clay threatened to quit several times unless this competition was removed, but the best compromise Bliss could obtain was an agreement from the House committee to permit Boosters Executive Director C. Langhorne Washburn to become the top staff man on the national Finance Committee, thus obtaining a degree of co-ordination. (Bliss, completely intimidated by Senator Dirksen, hasn't made any move to take over the independent but more modest fund-raising machinery of the Senate Campaign Committee.) While falling short of Bliss's goal of a united fund-raising effort, Clay has achieved a slight improvement and seems to be raising a budget that will permit a considerable expansion of the National Committee's activities.

Rebuilding for the Future

Bliss also began hiring people who, if they were not particularly imaginative, at least seemed to be working at the job full time and in a fairly serious fashion. Bliss himself, except for infrequent attention to his Akron insurance agency, works full time at his job; after a series of part-time chairmen, this in itself is a step forward for the GOP. He has no hobbies, few close friends, and no fond-

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ness for small talk, devoting himself to his work for ten to fifteen hours a day, six or seven days a week. As in Ohio, some of his most important decisions are made late at night as he sits in the office poring over research reports or the polls he believes in so firmly.

With his budget troubles more or less behind him, Bliss can start to crank up the Republican organizational apparatus. In December, for example, a campaign seminar in Pomona, California, attempted to teach party workers from twelve Western states about specific modern campaign techniques such as registration and get-out-the-vote drives and "idea councils" in which local business, civic, and academic leaders meet and draw up party positions on hot state and local issues. Similar gatherings are planned for other parts of the country in late March and early April.

By spring, Bliss hopes to have made a solid start on putting into action the big-city report he masterminded four years ago—not with the hope of carrying many cities but with a more modest and realistic aim of cutting down Democratic majorities, thus allowing the party's rural and suburban centers of strength to swing elections. He thinks he has the money to support a stepped-up drive through the 1966 and 1968 campaigns that would involve recruitment of specialists to travel around and help city organizations with voter registration, hire paid precinct workers, and develop specialists to work with nationality and other minority groups.

Over and over, he spells out the minimal requirements for a rebuilding effort: candidates particularly suited to the locality and filing for every office; expansion of the party's financial base to include small contributors; aggressive year-round registration drives; party headquarters staffed full-time and providing salaries that will attract competent state and city chairmen; the creation of groups for young Republicans, farmers and workers, old people, individual professions, and ethnic blocs; and statewide workshops for discussion of new techniques.

Above all, Bliss stresses that Republicans of different philosophies can fight in party primaries but must be prepared to support whoever wins. He has tried to treat all factions with even-handed fairness. Often when conflict has threatened, he has acted quietly to contain it. Thus, when the National Federation of Republican Women threatened to embarrass the party by electing the staunch conservative writer Phyllis Schlafly (*A Choice, Not an Echo*) as president, Bliss worked out a behind-the-scenes agreement under which the women postponed the election of new officers until after the 1966 Congressional and state elections. Again, when GOP governors insisted that the top-level Coordinating Committee denounce the John Birch Society,

he met privately with some of them and won agreement on a compromise resolution that merely endorsed an earlier statement on the subject by Bliss himself.

No Grasper of Nettles

This statement on the Birch Society was characteristic of Bliss in that it came only after Goldwater and practically every other prominent GOP leader had made critical statements and in that it failed to mention the society by name, merely asking Republicans to "reject membership in any radical organization which attempts to use the Republican Party for its own ends or in any organization which seeks to undermine the basic principles of American freedom and constitutional government." Thus Bliss spared the party the warfare, denunciations, and—most important—the headlines that would have followed a stronger statement. But it is just this sort of thing that has given rise to the most biting criticism of him—his failure to improve the public image of the GOP, to be an aggressive party spokesman, or to push the party in the more liberal direction that the critics feel is necessary to gain support in urban and suburban areas.

The GOP chairman today could command wide press and TV attention, and this is one more opportunity Bliss has failed to capitalize on. Goldwater does not even pretend to speak for the party, and there is such sharp ideological division among other leaders that the "voices" come through only in profound disharmony. But Bliss refuses to move into this vacuum. He rejects all invitations to appear on such TV shows as *Meet the Press* or *Face the Nation*. He rarely holds a news conference, and even when he talks to newsmen on a background basis he is so gun-shy that little copy results.

One reason may be the professional politician's penchant for secrecy. Bliss refuses to delegate authority (and as a result frequently bogs down in such details as which newspapers are receiving committee press releases or what kind of flowers to be sent to the wife of the banquet speaker), and he is reluctant to divulge his plans even to close aides. Members of the National Committee and even of the Executive Committee complain that they have little idea of what he is doing except for what they read in the papers, and are therefore in a poor position to suggest new ideas themselves.

Lack of a top-flight staff and a big public-relations budget may be other inhibiting factors, though again the ultimate responsibility for the absence of both may be laid to Bliss himself. Some critics have gone so far as to say that Bliss is uncomfortable in the presence of brilliance, others that he looks primarily for "safe" people who are acceptable to all wings of the party rather than for top men regardless of ideology. But whatever the reason, the National Committee staff lacks idea men, and on almost all major public-relations fronts, the GOP is trailing

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sadly behind the Democrats. The Republicans, for example, have nothing comparable to the Democrats' elaborate setup for transmitting Congressmen's recorded or filmed messages back home to local radio and TV stations. Nor is there any GOP counterpart to the elaborate computerized mailing operation that the Democratic headquarters makes available to its Congressmen. "Part of my job," one Democratic official confided to us not long ago, "is to sit around and try to anticipate what the Republicans might do. Every day I think of a dozen great gimmicks they could pull on us, but they never use one of them."

Victory Before Ideology

Probably the most important development in the Republicans' post-1964 image-making efforts was the creation of the twenty-eight-member Co-ordinating Committee, which has established a dozen broadly representative task forces to work up new GOP positions on everything from civil rights to East-West trade. Although Bliss provides the budget and presides as top officer when the committee meets, poor public-relations work at headquarters has caused the committee's serious efforts to receive almost no attention, while newspaper and TV accounts of the meetings have concentrated on controversies within the committee.

In addition to mounting a more elaborate public-relations campaign, Bliss might enhance the party's reputation by working for policies with broad appeal to voters. At the present time, many liberal GOP leaders are trying to push Bliss toward a stronger policy role, confident of the direction it would take. Bliss, for example, trumpets the fact that the GOP must aim for the workingman, the Negro, young people, old people, and intellectuals. He makes much of his meetings with leaders of these groups, and of his efforts to reactivate the National Committee's Minorities Division and Arts and Sciences Division. Last September he asked a group of college professors to contribute "ideas and vitality" to the GOP. But the liberals contend this is all in organizational terms and that GOP policies consistently tend to put the party on record against many of the things these groups most ardently seek.

Evidently Bliss is reluctant to change position even a little on issues that seem to fit traditional Republican doctrine. For example, the party had a fine opportunity last fall to make headway with Negro voters over the District of Columbia home-rule bill, a civil-rights symbol not only in Washington but across the country. House Democrats were split on the issue, and Speaker McCormack was having trouble both in bringing the bill to the House floor and getting votes to pass it. Several Republican groups asked Bliss to step in and persuade House Republican leaders that the party's long-term interest required it to help the Democratic leadership bring the bill to the floor and pass it. Whether from a belief that the chairman's role is not broad enough or from fear of

the GOP House leadership, Bliss refused to act. There are many other opportunities of this sort, liberal Republicans believe. They also complain that Bliss is excessively concerned with the danger of reprisals from the conservative wing.

No one can be sure that Bliss is not right when he permits himself to be inhibited by the probability of still more party fighting if he attempts to move the GOP sharply in one ideological direction or another. Unlike the Democratic Party, which has tended to have its philosophical wings neatly separated by geography into two major blocs, the Republican Party has had different philosophies within each state and local unit; thus where compromise cannot be worked out easily, a minimum of ideology may be the better part of valor. Notably, each person who talks about having Bliss move the party to stronger policy positions turns out, on questioning, to have a different idea of what those policies should be. If the party wanted someone to take it to the Right, it probably should have kept Burch; and if it wanted to move to the Left, it probably should have selected someone like George Hinman of New York or Craig Truax of Pennsylvania. The fact that the Republicans chose Bliss is in itself some indication that they are not ready to move firmly in any ideological direction. And Bliss himself, given the wait-and-see attitude that the party must affect at this moment, has to follow his own consensus.

In any event, Bliss seems sure to stay at least for a while, and the party that chose him for what he was will have to continue to accept him as he is. An attempt to replace Bliss now would touch off an instant and violent struggle between the liberal and conservative wings over a successor. A compromise choice from the GOP Congressional leadership might avoid a factional fight but would pose other problems: the return to a part-time chairman and, more importantly, the concentration of further power in the Congressional group, which is already heavily represented in Republican image-making.

"Maybe Bliss has been moving slowly," said a House member who is a strong Bliss backer, "but he is consolidating, trying to get first things done first, such as finance and organization. The real test will be the first four or five months of this year. We should start seeing action then—money flowing into operations for candidates and Congressional campaigns and state campaigns—and I think we're going to see it."

Thus, with all his considerable shortcomings, Bliss is managing to hold the party together and provide some basis of hope for a better tomorrow. At a time when there seemed to be considerable danger that the Republican Party would vanish, he helped it at least to survive. And that, considering its battered frame and flagging spirit, was a minor political masterpiece.

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Morgan's Crusade For Negro Jurors

JOSEPH B. CUMMING, JR.

ATLANTA

CHARLES MORGAN, JR., was a plump, genial thirty-two-year old lawyer, unknown outside Birmingham, Alabama, when in April, 1962, he collaborated with Negro attorney Orzell Billingsley, Jr., in filing a suit in the U.S. District Court. It sought to enjoin Jefferson County officials from discriminating against Negroes in the selection of names to be called for jury duty. No one noticed at the time that the suit was a unique approach to the old problem of "systematic exclusion"—unique because it was a plaintiff civil-action suit aimed at permanently correcting the practice in that county. Traditionally, the question of systematic exclusion is brought up case by case as a defense tactic in a specific criminal action. Morgan himself, working with Billingsley, hardly realized at the time that he was launching what would become a single-minded campaign to reform the Southern system of justice.

Today, as head of the Southern Regional Office of the American Civil Liberties Union in Atlanta, Morgan is handling seven suits similar to *Billingsley* v. *Clayton* against counties in Alabama and Mississippi that have a large Negro population. Some hint of their significance lies in the fact that the Justice Department has intervened directly in three of these cases as a plaintiff and has entered *Billingsley* v. *Clayton* as amicus curiae.

So far, the only other case argued before a Federal court has been against officials of Lowndes County, Alabama, where last year all-white juries three times refused to convict for civil-rights killings. According to Morgan, the Justice Department's presence in that case was "extremely important." Government lawyers hauled suitcases of evidence into court: photostats of jury lists dating back many years, voter rolls, county records showing racial designation. "They had the full resources of the government to draw on. It would have been impossible for a private agency to come up with that kind of evidence," Morgan said. The court has not yet ruled on the case.

While Morgan has been bringing attention to "systematic exclusion" in juries, the problem for the courts has grown from a bramble to a thicket. More and more, defense attorneys have been seeking to throw out convictions of their clients on the basis of "systematic exclusion" in jury selection. In an apparent effort to clarify what constitutes "systematic exclusion" and possibly to lay down some guidelines, the Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals met in bank (all nine justices) in New Orleans on December 16 and 17 and heard arguments on seven cases whose appeal was based on this premise. The whole tangled tracery of questions was laid out before the court as judges and lawyers went back and forth over the nuances of method of jury selection, over the use of city directory or phone book, over the percentage of population that is Negro or has passed the eighth grade, over how names are selected for the venire. One lawyer even based his appeal partly on "systematic inclusion," and at one point Judge Griffin B. Bell of Georgia complained: "What I'm interested in is, how are we ever going to try anybody?"

Charles Morgan, who was arguing the same Billingsley case as part of this session, had the same answer: if jury candidates are selected by a random sampling of the population, Negroes will be included in a more realistic proportion.

National indignation over the continuing failure of all-white Southern juries to convict for the murder of Negroes and civil-rights workers had already reached the boiling point with the September acquittal of Thomas L. Coleman for the slaying of seminarian Jonathan M. Daniels. Then, a month later, when another jury in the same drafty Lowndes County courtroom freed Collie Leroy Wilkins, Jr., in the murder of Mrs. Viola Liuzzo, the cry went up for something to be done. The first instinct of many civil-rights groups was to demand a law making it a Federal crime to kill a civil-rights worker. Martin Luther King, Jr., announced from Paris that he was flying home to lead a new drive for such "personal security" legislation. But shortly after King returned he met with Morgan, who was apparently successful in persuading him to alter his objective. In any event, the present emphasis of King's Southern Christian Leadership Conference (SCLC) is to "desegregate the Southern courthouse."

THE SCLC was not the first civil-rights organization to follow Morgan's lead. Last October 17, the Episcopal Society for Cultural and Racial Unity (ESCRU)—an Atlanta-based organization for which Jonathan Daniels had been working when he was shot—associated itself with the American Civil Liberties Union's Operation Southern Justice. Officials of ESCRU freely acknowledge Morgan's influence, and his hand can be detected in a statement it issued at the time:

"The trial of Thomas L. Coleman for the slaying of our colleague, Jonathan M. Daniels, before an all-white jury, drawn from a panel of all-white men, in a county eighty-one per cent Negro, clearly demonstrates that Southern juries are not juries at all. They are merely a device—an illegal device—to enmesh the law in prevailing popular prejudice."

The offices of the Episcopal society are next to Morgan's ACLU office at 5 Forsyth Street in Atlanta. Three stories above them in the same building, and in equally close touch with Morgan, is the Southern Regional Council, a scholarly, foundation-supported biracial agency. The day after ESCRU's statement, the Southern Regional Council released a thirty-page study entitled "Southern Justice: An Indictment," which

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goes into some of the unsuspected burdens of the "double standard of justice in the South"; the Council acknowledged its debt to Morgan by issuing the study jointly with the ACLU.

Morgan's theme was echoed on all sides in a statement by the National Council of Churches' Commission on Religion and Race and in another from the presiding bishop of the Episcopal Church, which declared that "The question is whether or not the jury system, as it is now administered in the state of Alabama, if allowed to perpetuate itself without radical reform, will deal a blow as lethal as Coleman's shotgun blast to the common man's hope for justice."

And now Morgan's crusade has been taken up by the Johnson administration. It is significant that in his State of the Union message, the President mentioned the question of Federal reform of the system of selecting juries before the personal-security measures he also plans to ask Congress for. This, it would appear, is a reflection of the current thinking within the Department of Justice.

The 'Literary Digest' Lists

The terms Morgan uses to define the issue have been seeping into the vocabulary of news reporters and civil-rights field workers—phrases like "instrumentalities of justice" and "segregated courthouse." And during the hearings in New Orleans, Morgan's approach to the problem had apparently made its way into the thinking of some of the judges. Judge John R. Brown, for example, in referring to the whole population of a county from which jurymen would be drawn, called it the "universe," a pollsters' term. Another justice made reference to *"Literary Digest* lists."

"Literary Digest lists" is not only a Morgan phrase—it lies at the heart of his thesis. Morgan believes that jury lists should be selected by methods used by today's leading poll-takers to reflect a "fair cross section of the community." Too many, he says, are selected from *"Literary Digest* lists." The magazine is most often remembered for its towering failure to predict F.D.R.'s landslide victory over Alf Landon in 1936. The reason, says Morgan, is that the *Literary Digest* did its polling from names "of middle and upper economic class persons" and "residential telephone subscribers." The connection of this with jury lists is explained in Morgan's brief for *Billingsley* v. *Clayton*:

"The inability of the *Literary Digest* list system and, for that matter, any other list system to obtain a cross-section of the population, was demonstrated in 1936. Prior to the *Digest's* mailing of its ballots in 1936, George Gallup's American Institute of Public Opinion made preliminary studies and discovered that although Landon would receive

fifty-nine per cent of the votes of telephone subscribers and fifty-six per cent of the votes of automobile owners, he would received only eighteen per cent of the votes of those on relief. . . .

"Thus in 1936 when the cleavage of economic class was as pronounced as the racial cleavage in the South, the *Literary Digest* failed spectacularly. . . . The use of lists—and no welfare, relief, or other lists of the visible or invisible poor were then used by the *Digest* or are now used by the courts—led to the *Digest's* colossal error. And the death of the magazine. The jury system in America faces the same problem of error. . . .

"To the extent that the names of jurors are not drawn from a cross-section of the population the venire is as biased as the verdict of the jury is inclined to be."

WHAT MORGAN suggests is that (1) juries, including Federal juries, be selected by some uniform method, and (2) that this method be along the lines of a random sampling such as is used by today's poll-takers. In this way, the Negro population of a court district would be fairly represented on the venire, as, indeed, poor whites would be. As for the problem of illiterates—an inevitable one in the South—Morgan's position is that if a lawyer feels that he doesn't want them on his jury, he can use his peremptory strikes to get rid of them. (And, for that matter, he can do the same to keep Negroes out of the jury box.) But with a fair cross section in the venire, at least the cards are not so stacked against getting a Negro on the jury in a racial case.

"In the Daniels case," Morgan points out, "there should have been Negroes on that jury. Take [Byron De La] Beckwith. If the venire had had a representative number of Negroes on it, the defense would have had to waste all its strikes getting rid of Negro jurors and the prosecution might have ended up with a jury more likely to convict." Morgan does not believe in quotas as such, but as he points out, "When you get a fair cross section, the effect is the same." Even the presence of a single Negro in a jury box, he maintains, would have a good effect and one that would extend beyond an individual case. In one recent brief, Morgan stated what is perhaps the crux of his argument: "Juries establish standards of community conduct. By wrongful acquittals they endorse crime, by proper convictions they contain it."

The question of Southern juries will be a major subject of debate in the civil-rights story of 1966. With the administration committed to jury reform, the Justice Department is working on legislation designed to correct the problem. More immediately, the U.S. Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals is expected to lay down some guidelines for courts to follow in venire makeup to avoid unconstitutionally formed juries. In the meantime, Charles Morgan continues his crusade:

"The county courthouse," he says, "has always been a seat of power in the South. Yesterday Negroes rarely went there. When they went it was to pay taxes or purchase a license or be a witness or be tried. Tomorrow they may go there to vote or serve on juries or, perhaps, to work, or practice law, or see a friend. But that tomorrow—like so many of the South's tomorrows—will never come if segregated justice continues."

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Botswana's Cheerless Freedom

THOMAS LAND

LONDON

MUCH of the political map of Africa can be drawn in black and white, with a shrinking crescent in the south representing the white man's dominion. This fall, more than 220,000 square miles of territory in the heart of the white crescent will be cut out.

On September 30, the British protectorate of Bechuanaland is to become independent under the name of Botswana. The final constitutional conference is due to open here this month. Basutoland and Swaziland, the two other British protectorates in southern Africa, are also slated to gain independence before long.

Surrounded by hostile South Africa, South-West Africa, and Rhodesia, and separated only by the narrow Caprivi Strip from Portuguese Angola, independent Botswana will face a long struggle for survival. Its only geographical connection with the rest of Negro Africa will be limited to the few yards where Bechuanaland faces Zambia across the Zambezi River. Rail communications to the ocean will be dependent on the good will of its neighbors. And, unless a generous rainfall ends five years of drought, three-quarters of Botswana's population of over half a million will be destitute on the day the new flag is raised.

Though two generations of eastern and southern Africans still speak of 1930 as the Hungry Year, the famine of 1966 may surpass their worst memories. The famine, which has led Botswana's Prime Minister Seretse Khama to proclaim a national disaster, is aggravated by the outbreak of foot-and-mouth disease, affecting the movement of cattle and complicating both grazing and plowing problems. Last season's crops failed completely, and more than 300,000 head of cattle have been lost. (In a good year, beef exports account for about seventy per cent, valued at some $6 million, of the protectorate's total exports.)

Under these circumstances, Botswana's claim for independence is hardly well-timed. But the political leaders of the protectorate argue with some force that independence should not increase their dependence either on the British Treasury or on the international relief organizations now attempting to curb the toll of the famine.

It is true that over the long term there are some hopeful possibilities for the new nation. Its mineral resources, including extensive deposits of copper and coal, may prove sufficient to attract foreign investment to finance a northward railway line to Zambia. That, together with the proposed rail link from Zambia to the Indian Ocean via Tanzania (now being surveyed by an Anglo-Canadian team) could give Botswana the gateway essential to independent survival.

'Beaten by These Niggers'

Khama's right to present his arguments freely to Whitehall can be described without exaggeration as a matter of luck. But for a forgotten colonial dispute, Khama might be sharing a detention center with Rhodesian nationalist leaders, and his people, like the Rhodesian Africans, merely dreaming of independence.

His country was made a British protectorate before the turn of the century by a Liberal government. Under pressure from British missionary societies intent on resisting the territorial ambitions of the South African colonists, the "Great White Queen" Victoria extended her protection over the Tswana peoples. But Cecil Rhodes, the man who created Rhodesia and sowed the seeds of today's rebellion there, was determined to bring Bechuanaland under the control of his British South Africa Company.

As his representatives were engaged in final negotiations with the Colonial Office in London, three Bechuana chiefs arrived in the British capital. They alerted the London Missionary Society, the Aborigines Protection Society, and the British press, which created such an uproar that Rhodes's application was rejected. In a telegram from Cape Town, Rhodes burst out: "It is humiliating to be utterly beaten by these niggers. They [the British government] think more of one native at home than the whole of South Africa."

If the forty-five-year-old Khama has been more fortunate than his African counterparts in Rhodesia, his path toward leadership of an independent Botswana has not been an easy one. A descendant of the royal house of his people and the hereditary chief of the Bamangwato tribe, he studied at various South African universities and at Oxford. Then he came to London to study law, met an English girl, and, in spite of opposition from white and black alike, married her. His tribe had the option of gaining a white queen or losing their chief—and they accepted the former Ruth Williams.

In 1950, the British government called Khama to London. The chief told a press conference afterward that he had been offered some $3,000 annually if he would abdicate from his position and live in England with his family. When he declined, Britain banished him from Bechuanaland, without offering an official explanation. It is generally assumed that South Africa put the Commonwealth Relations Office under severe pressure to prevent the precedent of marriage between a white woman and an African chief in a neighboring region.

After six years in Britain, Khama resigned from his paramount chieftainship and returned home to Bechuanaland with his wife and children. But in 1962, he threw himself into politics again, and three years later led his Democratic Party to victory in Bechuanaland's first general election under universal suffrage. Khama's party won twenty-eight of the thirty-one seats in the Legislative Assembly. Its commitment to multiracialism is illustrated by the successful candidacy of a white man, Mr. S. Steinberg.

What will be Botswana's rela-

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tionship with the white neighbors that surround it? Prime Minister Hendrik Verwoerd of South Africa has told the Senate in Cape Town: "We do not mind their freedom. Independence for the [British] protectorates is in line with apartheid. I don't believe they will be hostile to South Africa. Even when independent, they must remember their economic dependence on us."

Khama is well aware of this fact of life. At a press conference after the election he declared: "Britain trades with China and Cuba. Why shouldn't we trade with South Africa? Countries who differ politically can have good economic relations." However, he is not likely to seek diplomatic ties with his neighbor.

THE economic control that Verwoerd points to is certain to become one of Botswana's prime concerns. Control over its trade, customs, and railways will be shared between South Africa and Rhodesia, which may attempt to derive political profit from their economic grip. Meanwhile Khama has been discussing a closer economic alliance with Zambia, which has been buying cattle from Bechuanaland. Beef exports to Britain have also increased considerably during the past few years.

Yet the famine will probably remain the chief issue for some time. Children are starving. Tribesmen are eating their seed corn and cattle. One mission doctor reported: "Lots of children are dying from pneumonia and enteritis. If they had enough food, they could combat these diseases. Even measles is killing them. . . . Almost all in our hospital are suffering from malnourishment."

The government has made appeals for assistance to Britain, the World Food Program, and the Oxford Committee for Famine Relief. Their response has been prompt but limited. Bechuanaland has launched a National Famine Relief fund and issued ration cards. For the moment, the distribution of food stocks to isolated villages causes the greatest difficulty. "The number of destitutes to be fed in the coming months before harvest time will increase considerably," the Prime Minister admits. "However, by our own efforts, and with the help of our friends, we shall survive."

How Long Can Rhodesia Last?

J. L. CEFKIN

SALISBURY

IN RHODESIA Africans walked and Europeans rode. On the drive into Salisbury from the airport, this was one's first impression. Now, in the late afternoon in the city, one sees many Europeans walking home from work. For the ordinary white Rhodesian, gasoline rationing has finally made sanctions a reality.

Even so, three months after the Unilateral Declaration of Independence (UDI), sanctions have not really bitten very deep. Since the Christmas season, to be sure, some businesses have begun to retrench and unemployment has increased. Stocks of imports are being depleted and with each passing day the list of scarce commodities grows. At first it was unessential luxuries that disappeared from the shelves, such as the more expensive Scotch whiskies and imported delicacies, but now auto parts and some essential machinery are in short supply. Gasoline rationing, originally introduced on December 28, at first allowed for about a hundred miles of driving per week. The ration has since been heavily cut, though additional gasoline is thus far available for essential needs. Allowances for vacation travel have been withdrawn and Rhodesians are told to travel by rail or air.

These developments notwithstanding, and Harold Wilson's predictions to the contrary, Ian Smith's government asserts that the oil embargo will fail. It points to Rhodesia's modest needs for petroleum and the oil glut on the world market. By some means, it suggests—possibly through diversion from South Africa or Mozambique—enough oil will be bought.

Smith's independence speech of November 11 spoke of "short term economic disadvantages . . . possible hardship and inconvenience . . . some economic retribution . . ." But against this, he assured the people that "in the long run because of our natural resources and the enterprise of our people there will be brought about a prosperous and better future for everyone." There would be "threats and sanctions" to appease the United Nations and the Afro-Asians. "But I cannot conceive of a rational world uniting in an endeavour to destroy the economy of this country. . . ."

Apprehensive Euphoria

Little changed in the first weeks after UDI. Life went on as before and press censorship was the only visible reminder that things were not the same. Many thought that UDI had succeeded. "We treat oil sanctions with contempt," said the Rhodesian representative to South Africa. A Salisbury importer summed up a widely held feeling:

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THE REPORTER

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"There is always a person who will sell his mother. We should be able to find sources of supply." But this mood has changed. As one loyal member of Smith's Rhodesian Front Party put it, "I dread opening the morning paper to read the bad news which is sure to await us." Meanwhile the Ministers continue to exude confidence. They talk of making oil out of coal, planting wheat in place of sugar, and expelling some 300,000 Malawian and Zambian laborers to solve their unemployment problems, and they hint of secret backdoor trade. But there is growing doubt whether the economy can be maintained.

Apprehension, however, is not despair, and white Rhodesians show no disposition to surrender. Indeed, Smith faces the trials ahead with some considerable assets. Perhaps his most potent support lies in the siege mentality of the white Rhodesians. For the present, Smith has succeeded in convincing them that the only choice is the Rhodesian Front and UDI or black African dictatorship and white genocide.

Unfortunately, the behavior and statements of some of the leaders-in-exile of the Zimbabwe African People's Union (ZAPU)—the largest African nationalist party in Rhodesia—have hardly been reassuring. Sporadic sabotage and indiscriminate terror have been openly encouraged by ZAPU leaders. Jason Moyo, speaking on the Zambian radio, urged: ". . . all travelling vehicles must be stoned, must be hit with whatever you have in your hands, and to the people who are inside do what you are able to do, as you squash a fly or a louse in your hand. . . ." Last August, in the *Zimbabwe Review*, George Nyandoro voiced a similar sentiment: "If you see a creature with two legs and it is white, kill it." Given this kind of talk, the prospect of ZAPU rule has become for most whites an unthinkable nightmare. But the truth is that so far terror has been directed against dissident Africans rather than against whites. Sabotage of cattle-dip tanks and tobacco fields has accomplished little. In general, the ineffectiveness of African nationalism in Rhodesia has strengthened Smith's hand.

Smith's position is also buttressed by the absence of an effective parliamentary opposition. The May, 1965, elections witnessed the demise of the relatively moderate Rhodesia Party, with the Rhodesian Front sweeping up all fifty "white" seats. A Europeans-only Constitutional Association was set up by the Rhodesia Party remnants, while the Africans elected under the RP banner broke away to form their own United People's Party. Neither group has appreciable support.

The weakness of the opposition was underscored by its failure to contest the Rhodesian Front in the Arundel by-election necessitated by Clifford W. Dupont's resignation to become Officer Administering the Government. Admittedly, the UPP and the Rhodesian Constitutional Association were in a predicament. Having challenged the legality of the newly proclaimed constitution, they found it difficult to fight an election called under its authority. Yet a truer reason for the failure to contest was that the opposition groups had little stomach for battle.

For the present, there is no serious internal political threat to Smith's régime. Despite Prime Minister Wilson's assertions that majority rule is not immediately intended or even envisaged and that "one man, one vote" will come only after an indefinite period of reconciliation between the races, Europeans still believe that the alternative to Smith is total disaster. Most of Rhodesia's white population are postwar immigrants. In 1961, only fifteen per cent were native-born; even in the twenties age group, only twenty-eight per cent of the Europeans were born in Rhodesia. Many whites have found a better life here than they could expect anywhere else—far better than in England, Scotland, and even South Africa. There is every reason for their desire to hold onto the *status quo*.

No Prospect Pleases

Despite this considerable internal support, the prospects for Smith's government are far from bright. Its expectation that Rhodesia would quietly win new trading partners and that diplomatic recognition would follow in due course has proved illusory. Not even South Africa or Portugal has extended recognition, and their support in other forms has been less than generous.

Rechanneling trade is at best a difficult exercise. Since present circumstances allow free intercourse only with Portugal and South Africa, not much readjustment of imports and exports is likely. Rhodesian and South African trade have been largely competitive. Only 7.5 per cent of Rhodesian exports were sold in South Africa in 1964, and Rhodesia bought 5.3 per cent of South African exports. Just how competitive Rhodesian and South African exports can be was underlined when South Africa offered to sell coal to Zambia after Rhodesia raised its price. Trade between Rhodesia and Portugal, including Angola and Mozambique, was very small, a total of perhaps $8 million for imports and exports in 1964. Great Britain and Zambia are normally Rhodesia's most important trading partners, and very little of that market remains.

The hope that Salisbury could apply effective economic leverage on Zambia and Malawi proved more or less empty. When oil sanctions were imposed on Rhodesia, Smith cut off oil to Zambia. He also placed royalties of $14 to $22.40 a ton on coal and coke destined for the Zambian copperbelt in order to recoup the $28 million lost to Rhodesia by various British measures. But with South Africa bidding for the Zambian coal market, the idea of Zambia as a hostage was dropped, and on New Year's Day, Smith offered to call off these penalties and asked for "a return to sanity."

If Rhodesia could survive largely on its internal market and indigenous resources, its lonesome independence could last indefinitely. But no one, in government or in business, believes that autarky is a possible solution. Rhodesia must trade. If joint committees of government officials and businessmen cannot succeed in circumventing sanctions, Salisbury will sooner or later have to abandon its experiment of unilateral independence.

With the legal opposition in disarray, the strongest resistance to Smith's régime has come from the churches, which have advocated moderation, racial justice, forbearance, and adjustment to "the wind

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of change." While eschewing political involvement and supporting freedom of political choice for Catholics as long as it did not violate Christian teaching, a pastoral instruction by the Catholic bishops of Rhodesia stressed that "Vast numbers of the people of Rhodesia are bitterly opposed to the Unilateral Declaration of Independence. . . . They are particularly angered that it should be stated publicly that this action was taken in the name of preserving Christian civilization in this country. It is simply quite untrue to say that the masses are content with this recent decision or that they have consented by their silence. Their silence is the silence of fear, of disappointment, of hopelessness. It is a dangerous silence; dangerous for the Church, for all of us."

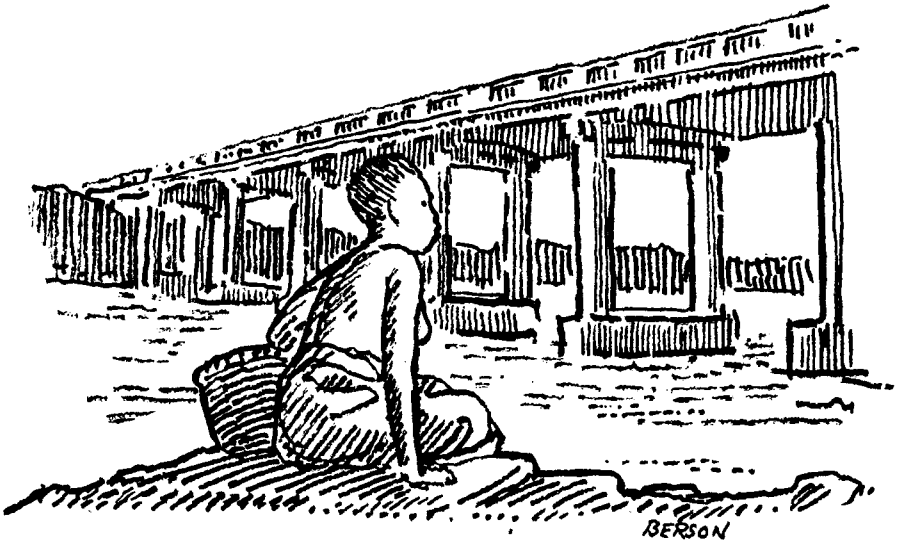
Bishop Skelton of the Anglican Church of Matabeleland has openly fought against the present drift. Ministers of many churches and the rabbi of the Bulawayo Temple have also voiced their dissent.

INTELLECTUALS too have never been reconciled to the Rhodesian Front mentality. Many members of the faculty of the University College of Rhodesia have battled against the developing police state. Some of the political figures who were prominent during the short-lived Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland have been strangely silent. Former Prime Ministers Roy Welensky and Winston J. Field have had little to say. Other prominent politicians are also biding their time. Clearly an internal challenge may still emerge.

It is significant that Clifford Dupont was sworn in as Officer Administering the Government by a justice of the peace. No member of the High Court was willing to administer the oath of office as is customary and is required by the 1961 constitution. Sir Hugh Beadle, Chief Justice of the High Court, who has recently been consulting with Harold Wilson in London, has been living at Government House and advising Sir Humphrey V. Gibbs, the Queen's governor. During the vacation period of the High Court, a legal challenge of the régime's legitimacy could be avoided, but now a suit is before the court in the *Central African Examiner's* challenge of censorship. An adverse decision for Smith, which is not unlikely, might exert a decisive influence on popular confidence in the régime.

In the end, independent Rhodesia's downfall may be brought about by its four million Africans. At present the nationalist leaders are in custody or in exile, and organizational efforts are severely handicapped by police informers in the tribal areas and in the townships. But if unemployment should grow to serious proportions and starvation threaten, the African masses would be ripe for rebellion, for, government claims to the contrary, the African population is bitterly opposed to the Smith régime. And even if a rebellion could be suppressed, the demand for intervention by Great Britain or the United Nations would become irresistible. Thus Smith has made the maintenance of jobs a major concern. Employers are told to reduce work weeks and wages if necessary but at all costs to avoid outright dismissal of African laborers. Smith's pleas for austerity may receive a favorable reception from the whites, but the blacks are hardly of a mind to heed appeals for tightening the belt and holding firm in face of adversity.

The Smith régime still believes that, given time, pressure from whites elsewhere will force their governments to treat with the de facto Rhodesian government. It likes to think that its uncompromising anti-Communist stand will eventually cause the West to welcome Rhodesia as a bastion against Communist subversion in Africa. Many Rhodesians also pin their hopes on unpredictable developments abroad—increased preoccupation with Southeast Asia, uprisings in Latin America, a radical change of régime elsewhere in Africa—that could quite suddenly alter Rhodesia's position for the better.



FOR THE MOMENT, the country is awaiting the outcome of the all-important tobacco sales beginning in March. If tobacco is sold in any significant quantity, Smith's régime will be immeasurably strengthened. If the crop remains unsold, the government is prepared to buy it up and stockpile it, thus postponing for a year, it hopes, the decisive economic crunch. Meanwhile, if unemployment and the shortage of goods continue to worsen, there are many recent immigrants who will be forced to return to their original homes. And with a declining European population, the case for white supremacy will become even less persuasive. By April or May many here should be ready to reconsider Harold Wilson's alternatives. A neighbor of mine in Salisbury may have summed up a deeply rooted feeling of the white community. The Rhodesia he knows and wants, he said, may survive for some years to come, but "our children will never live here."

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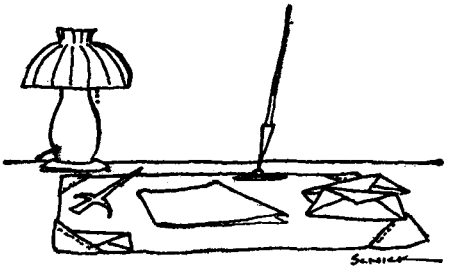

Editorial Disorder And Early Sorrow

MEG GREENFIELD

THE FIRST publication I ever worked for was a newspaper that was co-owned and co-edited by me. It was called the *El-Jo DeLuxe* in honor of my middle name, which is Ellen, and my partner's name, which was Josephine. We were nine years old at the time, and this kind of fair-sharing arrangement was the agreed-upon basis of our partnership, although we were less faithful in observing it whenever cash was at stake. Our frequent discord over the division of our income was resolved in a series of meetings that I remember chiefly for the unusual amount of kicking, biting, and scratching they entailed—not to mention the consequent shrieking. Josephine was tall and featured knees. I was short and wore an inverted soup-bowl haircut to which there was loosely affixed at all times a gigantic taffeta ribbon. Ghastly as it was to observe, we never went anywhere but arm in arm. We were best friends.

Since our principles also required that we have offices in each of our houses, the paper was planned in Josephine's closet and printed in my basement, where our work was not without its hazards. The least of these was envelopment by wet laundry, and the worst is still beyond my power to describe—it involved the fact that the machine on which we typed our stencil was emplaced directly beneath my brother's punching bag. Still, we fought for the right to do the typing, since whoever got there first at once inscribed herself as "editor-in-chief," leaving the other in the unenviable role of "distributor." The distributor delivered not only our twenty subscription copies, which were legibly reproduced in purple ink, but also half a dozen others we continued to run off well after the stencil had given out. These were printed in a watery orchid hue that a court of law might or might not have declared to be in fact invisible, and they were stuffed under the doors of nonsubscribing neighbors by the distributor, who presented herself the next day and demanded five cents payment. From time to time, we made a nickel this way, but on the whole it was unrewarding work. And that is why, as the editor typed away, the distributor would sit on the cold cement floor and sulk.

It was in that basement not long ago, now minus the apparatus of childhood, that I came across some copies of the *El-Jo DeLuxe* while my brother and I were going through family papers, prior to the sale of the house. Unlike the other memorabilia we encountered, the sight of it suffused me with a sense of Significance and Woe. Twice in its brief existence from 1940 to 1941, I recalled, the *El-Jo DeLuxe* had had to be suppressed and its printing machinery to be seized. Moreover, the second of these episodes had involved some large and basic truths about the function of the press in a free society. The story of the *El-Jo DeLuxe* is a turbulent one, but it is full of morals for our time—if only we are brave enough to face them.

I SEE by an issue from the autumn of 1940 that the McIntyres had just come home. Here is the complete story: "FLASH! The McIntyres of 21st avenue north are back from eleven months on business in the east. In their opinion, this is the best city. Warm regards, McIntyres!!" I cite this story in full because it expresses the sum of our editorial policy: eternal solicitude for our subjects (almost all our stories ended with a dispensation of regards), and local pride bordering on mania. Not from the McIntyres alone but from all returning travelers, we exacted something like a municipal loyalty oath; and we were very stingy with our allegiance, extending it only to the barest minimum of persons and places that we had been assured were worthy. These, as any child of the period could tell you, included Finland, because she had paid her First World War debt; Haile Selassie; King Zog of Albania; and—grudgingly—Great Britain, who had not paid her war debt but in whose behalf anyway we often stood in Josephine's closet and sang, "Don't give up, Tommy Atkins—Be a stout fellow! Chin up! Cheerio! Carry on!"

Neither our foreign nor domestic policies, however—the one extremely cranky, the other a little damp with good will—reveals itself upon scrutiny of the paper to have been our principal inspiration as publishers. We were moved by the profit motive, as I may have already made plain, and there is evidence throughout the *El-Jo DeLuxe* that we were quite slipshod about maintaining the line between editorial content and commercial self-interest that is supposed to be the first ethic of publishing. "If you have noticed a slick cream auto on Crescent Drive Wednesday morn," one of our typical news accounts begins, "it belongs to Mrs. and Mr. Jack Kilbey of Bellingham. Mrs. Kilbey subscribed to the *El-Jo DeLuxe* and more of you ought to follow her example."

To rouse our readers' curiosity in what often turned out to be house

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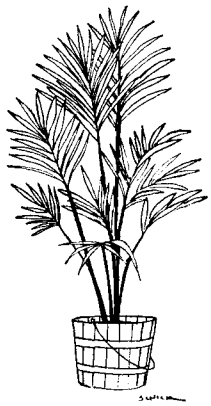
ads, we of course had to provide some news. And we knew our market well. For the most part it consisted of housewives who counted on us to supply missing parts of a picture they could only make out dimly from behind a twitching living-room curtain: the name of the family who had moved in, what "he" did for a living, the ages and grades in school of the children, the extent to which certain houses had been remodeled, which of the neighbors planned to repaint in the spring. Josephine and I were meticulous about providing the answers to such questions, although we probably didn't always emphasize the things our matronly readers cared about most. "The doghouse," we would tell them, for example, "is large enough to accommodate three children and has two windows which adds to its attractiveness." Still, we were trying; and if we failed, it was only for lack of news. Very little ever happened in that neighborhood, a problem we only partially succeeded in disguising by beginning all our items—including fillers and birthday messages to my great-aunts in Ohio—with "FLASH!" Our fillers themselves tell the sad story. Usually they were full-length articles we left untitled because we had plagiarized them from the local press. One such filler, an analysis of Walt Disney by Sidney Skolsky, went on for two consecutive issues in their entirety.

In Washington, I have since learned, there is nothing government press officers fear more than what is called a "news vacuum"—a dull stretch in which reporters, desperate for a story, may pick up anything that comes along and overplay it beyond recognition. We, of course, lived in a permanent news vacuum; and in almost every edition of the *El-Jo DeLuxe* one can see the frantic quest for "the story"—the sixth-grade teacher "almost" had a bad skid in her automobile; a fifth-grade pupil "practically" fainted from Clorox fumes. It was only a matter of time until it happened, but since our parents were not press officers, they could not be expected to know what was coming. What came was a description, in all its repellent detail, of what we called the "near fatal nosebleed" of Josephine's younger brother—a story that began memorably as follows: "Most people think a nosebleed is nothing, but what would you say if clots of blood four inches long came out of your nose?" Speaking strictly professionally, I do not think I have ever surpassed that as a lead sentence. But my enthusiasm was not widely shared. The printing machine disappeared from the basement. Publication of the paper was suspended. And perhaps—I can't remember—we were even slammed around a little bit.

WELL, as the history of the free press amply demonstrates, you can't keep a good newspaper down; much less a bad one. We were back in business in about six months, owing to the baseless optimism of our parents, who believed we were appreciably more mature at ten than we had been at nine and that we had "learned something" from our experience. This time we only lasted for two issues.

The trouble the second time around involved charges a good deal more serious than mere sensational-



ism, and it concerned a real public issue. Some time earlier that year, the school board had announced its decision to create a junior high school out of the Henry Wadsworth Longfellow Elementary School. Seventh- and eighth-grade students from four schools in our area would attend it, and the displaced younger children from Longfellow would, in turn, be sent to us. The stir that followed this announcement was no less real for being subterranean in nature. Where the other four schools existed in comfortable middle-class neighborhoods, Longfellow was in the poor, tough part of town. Its pupils were largely Negroes, and there had been no Negroes in our school before.

I have searched my memory to be careful about all this. I had probably never even met a Negro, and the word had not come down from Josephine's parents or from mine. Where did we hear the talk? Specifically, I recall one of our teachers as a source, and also the old lady with whom we haggled over candy in the school store and who was, in this pursuit, an equal match to our joint talents. But there were others. We heard of remarks allegedly made by the principal of one school, of do-or-die resistance being planned in another. When we sat down to immortalize the situation, there is no doubt in my mind that we were reflecting faithfully—if crudely and starkly—the prevalent attitude in our neighborhood. "FLASH!," it naturally began: "Children From Stevens, Lowell, T. T. Minor, and Montlake will go to Longfellow which will be East Center Junior High in the fall. Although no one wants their children to go to Longfellow or visa versa due to the negroes, that is what is going to happen say the school board." Josephine and I rooted around in the current folklore, came up with a suitable tag line, and gave it just that extra little shove. "Said the principal of Montlake school," I typed, "we don't want those niggers coming here."

The routine manner in which we filled the rest of the paper with our heartfelt regards for persons who were having their windows washed, and distributed it to our subscribers and our nonsubscribing victims, leads me to believe that we were innocent of what we had done and unsuspecting of the uproar to follow. We were—and yet, in some small way, we weren't. Before I knew exactly what was going on, but when my parents' expressions and the whole atmosphere of our house had already become ominous, I think I could have told you that the gathering storm had something to do with me and the *El-Jo DeLuxe*. And as I marched down the stairs on my way to an exchange of views with my father, by whom I was finally sum-

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moned, I believe I could also have pointed out the offending article and its most offensive passages.

I will not pretend to remember all that was said on that occasion, but I will never forget the highlights, much as I'd like to. Roughly, the charges against me were (1) lying and (2) the possession of ridiculous and ignorant opinions. My defense followed a complicated course: Yes, I had too heard the principal say it, although, no, it was true I had never even laid eyes on him, but Josephine knew him well and she heard him say it, or at least that's what she told me, but she may have made it all up, and in any event, the whole thing was her fault. My problem was that I still didn't know precisely what the "fault" was, since I continued to assume that my father and I and that poor maligned principal were in agreement on the fundamentals. So, to reinforce our common bond, I asked him whether he thought the "niggers" ought to come to our school. He chose that moment to advise me that the word I wanted was "Negro," and—perhaps because I saw the whole tight structure of my various patriotisms and loyalties being challenged—I remember that this remark enraged me. "Nee-gro," I began to mimic with exaggerated care, and then, seeing the look on his face, I abruptly feigned a racking cough, so he would attribute my enunciation to ill-health rather than insolence. "Nee-gro-ho-ho-ho-awgh," I fairly choked, and, lest he had any doubt about my good faith in the matter or the probability of my immediate

death, I went through it for him a second time—"Nee-hee-awgh-awgh-awgh. . . ."

He was unimpressed, as I had reason to know he would be. The Camille thing had never been much use in our family, although I tried it out repeatedly in moments of great danger, of which, I suddenly realized, this was one. But with the superior wisdom of age, my father took this show for what it was: a confession of guilt and a surrender. He more or less set aside the charge of lying and sought to convince me that I had somehow misinterpreted what people thought and that it would be too bad if I based my editorial judgments on such cockeyed information. This approach had the virtue of permitting me to reconstruct the event as a dreadful misunderstanding in which I was blameless. I leapt at the opportunity and could hardly remember ever thinking what, in fact, I had been thinking five minutes before. The discussion dwelt briefly on newspaper retractions, and this interested me enormously. I had no way of knowing the subject was academic, since I didn't know he had already decided that the world had seen enough of the *El-Jo DeLuxe*.

YOU MAY WONDER where my partner was at such a critical time. She was probably home facing similar music. Whenever there was trouble of this magnitude, Josephine and I were separated for at least a full week, each set of parents being of the opinion that the other child was the bad influence. Accordingly, I set about what I considered the very glamorous task of preparing a retraction on my own. The only thing Josephine and I shared that week was the unrelieved hostility of the neighborhood. We were outcasts. Indeed, you would have thought we had invented racism in my basement. Most people didn't even talk to us, and those who did lectured us on what was known simply as "brotherhood" in those days. Notably, their number included the same persons who had given us our original *sub rosa* guidance. That teacher, for instance, fixed me with a terrible stare when she delivered some tender thoughts to the class about the family of man and how it had been created equal.

If I had been a sufficiently sensitive child, this turn of events might have led me to a more memoir-like conclusion. I would have been able to record that my youthful encounter with adult hypocrisy had disillusioned me in an interesting sort of pastel-tinted, melancholy way. Far from it; I was exhilarated. Each new lecture and every sly recantation only seemed to confirm the truth of the document I was composing;

and if my mentors assured me that the Negro race was supposed to be right up there with Finland and Albania, that was all right with me. I only wished they had made it so explicit sooner. The burden of my retraction was that the entire article in the previous week's paper had been due to some unspecified "error" on the part of some similarly unspecified "reporter." But mostly it was taken up with another fictitious quotation from the principal of Montlake School, this time to the effect that he could hardly wait for the proposed merger to take place. I had worked very hard on that quotation and was extremely disappointed to discover that I no longer had a newspaper to publish it in.

IN MY TWILIGHT YEARS I have taken to thinking that Josephine and I alone were responsible for the orderly desegregation of our city's school system in 1941—a daydream that I find as irresistible as it is preposterous. At most, we managed to destroy resistance in one neighborhood by having done nothing more virtuous than the wrong thing. Still, in our inadvertent and ignoble way, we caused policy to be made as I have so often seen it made since—by outright denial of that which had been true. More than my experience with the *El-Jo DeLuxe* has convinced me that it is a foolish journalist who will underestimate the fallibility of his own reporting, the unreliability of his sources, the Peck-sniffery of his public, and—taken together—their tremendous potential as a force for good. Over the long term, anyway, the worst seems to be for the best and hypocrisy its own reward. One thinks about these things.

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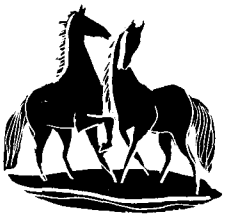
The Last Glowing Isolation

DAVID PRYCE-JONES

Across eastern Colorado a sandstorm breaks, stifling and choking. In the twenty yards of visibility ahead, the tumbleweed is lashed over the road in leaping acrobatic balls. The car grows hotter; the villages are strung out every thirty miles or so in Yuma County, mere blocks at the crossroads. But the car is not to break down until the following afternoon, at the top of the La Veta Pass, ten thousand feet above the valley of the Rio Grande. There a snowstorm is heralded by a swirl of hail. A Spanish-Indian pump attendant at Fort Garland, a redneck mechanic and his boys at Alamosa —Dad 'n' Jim 'n' Chuck—the rescue is as surprising as the breakdown. Here in the high Rockies, sun one moment, ice formations the next, why should anything work? Is it fitting, besides, under the lee of the white-fanged mountains and the sheer aspens, to tinker with engines?

". . . the vast and living landscape. The landscape lived and lives as the world of the gods, unsullied and unconcerned. The great circling landscape lived its own life, sumptuous and uncaring. Man did not exist for it." So D. H. Lawrence rendered this same Sangre de Cristo Range. When he encountered it for the first time the car had "simply stopped in the road." Lawrence was taunted by Frieda to get out and help. "You know I don't know anything about automobiles, Frieda! I *hate* them! Nasty, unintelligent, unreliable things!" Mabel Luhan also sat in the car, their hostess and recorder of this journey, the inspirer of this visit to New Mexico. Meanwhile Tony, her Indian lover, was wondering if some snake had not jinxed them. This was their entry to Santa Fe. Taos itself greeted them with a thunderstorm so fierce that none of the four were ever to forget the prophetic moment, almost a tribute.

Santa Fe is more chi-chi now, a kind of transplanted Capri, taken over by rich widows and alimony-drawers, that American prime caste of privilege. New convertible cars slow down at the innumerable intersections as the bobbed and hair netted ladies wave to one another and cry plans. Ten-gallon hats for both sexes. Under the arcades of the old governor's palace, a score of Pueblo Indians squat before their rugs strewn with jewelry and knick-knacks. Lined faces peep out of the blanket shawls, many with eyes veiled by the sickly gray mist of trachoma. Scarcely a hawker stirs with an effort to sell his wares, and tourists seem cheated by the passivity: they wanted the bazaar. Two women, both imitation cowboys, are walking arm in arm, their thighs wobbly in black jeans which ruff above tooled leather boots complete with silver spurs—



five hundred dollars a pair, perhaps. On the ironwork benches of the little square sit four or five old-style Westerners in faded dungarees and dirty straw hats, chewing at cigars and talking in Spanish. The curio shops nestle against the department stores; here the practical can afford the picturesque.

And Taos? More concentrated, more busily recommended by this and that travel association, more luxury shops and clusters of art galleries hanging with canvases of purple and pink and lime green. "All Indians have a genius for the *arts décoratifs*." Rudi is sixty-four and illiterate, says this gallery owner, so you can have a real *naïf* for four hundred and fifty. A foundation, looking rich with a fake Mexican façade and patio, has some Lawrence papers, and in the La Fonda Hotel for a dollar fee are exhibited some of his paintings. Crazily pubescent, a fly-button dream, each of them is centered on the same leering face trimmed with satyric beard. At ten to fifteen thousand dollars apiece they are for sale too. "You like?" The Mexican manageress glints at the clientele. Was this the setting for Rananim, that utopian idyll for Lawrence and his chosen friends, with its weird echo of Bloomsbury and the "Souls," where he could "sail away from this world of war and squalor"? Or is it not, rather, as he said himself, "Just a show! The south-west is the great playground of the white Americans. The desert isn't good for anything else. But it does make a fine national playground. And the Indian, with his long hair and his bits of pottery and blanket and home-made trinkets, he's a wonderful live toy to play with."

What a show it was too, stage-managed by Mabel Luhan from the first Nelsonian dispatch to the Orient, "Expecting You," to the final preposterous things she would write about her womb reaching out for him, or about Frieda, the mother of orgasm (who was to give as good as she got). Money and boredom had driven Mabel Luhan into an arty mysticism, just the kind of twilight motives with which Lawrence loved to endow the middle-aged heroines of his novels. Every sentence of that Taos life carried its own exclamation point. It was a Bohemia of the twenties, one of several such oases competing in the world's sunshine. All the usual characters were present, the Indian lover and his "so real" friends, the wishful smarty poets and painters who were all to drum up their memoirs gay and bad, the epicene floaters whose surnames are mostly omitted: Clarence in his velvet jacket with Navajo silver buttons, and Jaime who in a fit of pique walked away one evening across the desert. All the quarrels which were the stuff of that life are the typical café rigmarole of sex and jealousy and unmade reputations and petty cash.

All Bohemia depends on finding some game which for the present is more amusing than any other. Quickly Lawrence started playing, first Indians, then Cowboys. New Mexico is indeed inspiringly beautiful, and almost too grandiose to be

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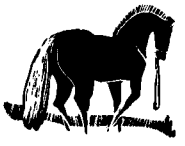
shrunk by the hand of man. Lawrence was impressed. "Coming out of the canyon to the *mesa* is an unforgettable experience, with all the deep mountains mysteriously around in a ring and so much sky." Yet he had his inevitable reservations. "All this outside life—and marvellous country—and it all means so little to me." In the Indians he seemed to find a rhythm that reconciled the outside and the inside, liberating him "from the present era of civilization, the great era of material and mechanical development." He was often to refer to the eyes of the Indians and the Mexicans, black and hate-filled, blank and far-focused, but with a core of ungrasped personality. So he groped, and the contradictions of disgust and admiration are to be found in the articles he wrote about the Indians. Mabeltown, as he called the Luhan world, patronized the Pueblos with the full equipment of rich Americans. When the racket became too much for him, Lawrence accepted the offer of the Kiowa Ranch some fifteen miles outside Taos and withdrew.

Most of the white residents of Taos and Santa Fe still talk the "noble savage" language, and wish to pickle the Indians in their present state so that American civilization can benefit from such a contrast so close at hand. The Indians, then, are to be maintained as pure arts and crafts, and, sure enough, on a visit to the Taos pueblo the beads and feathers and ceremonial dresses were brought out of suitcases, and an old dancer spoke of his performances around the world. "But you dance for yourselves?" said the accompanying lady artist. The question hung unanswered in the air. Outside the cars returning from the factories were parked in the dust, and the children were asking to be paid for posing for snapshots. Sentimentality at every turn, the gush of a past now meaningless and an equally meaningless present, the preservation mingled with pity. "They haven't the machinery of our consciousness," said Lawrence, and it is uncertain what kind of machinery we are trying to give them, so devious are our assertions of guilt.

From 1922 to 1925, the New Mexico years, Lawrence spent only eighty weeks—mostly summers—at Taos or the ranch. In between, with a trip to Europe, he was living in Mexico proper, where he would place *The Plumed Serpent,* thus disappointing Mabel Luhan's hopes for the literary incarnation of Taos. At Kiowa he was to write *St. Mawr,* redeeming its Michael Arlenish *thé dansant* set with the tremulous New Mexico pages of the close. How like Lawrence to careen through another rearrangement of those stock characters of his—the woman dulled with money and her primitive attendant—to burst into such lyrical energy about the place where he was living. Mexico Old and New suited the irresolute, uncontrolled part of him, the occult and the fey, the part that had drawn Mabel Luhan. The clash of Indians, Mexicans, and Americans is disjointed enough, and on top of that the landscape of rock and mesa and piñon trees is soon frightening in its enormity. Hence all those Laurentian people who face two ways, and those favorite words of indecision, "subtle, secret,



strange, curious, intense." And just a few miles over the ridges, enhanced by this great contemner of the technical civilization of machines and wars, lies Los Alamos, birthplace of the atom bomb, that invention to finalize it all.

KIOWA RANCH is off the road from Taos, shown by a historical marker to the D. H. Lawrence Shrine placed by the University of New Mexico, to which Frieda bequeathed the property. Soon the tarmac gives way to a dirt road and the open plateau to a forest. At a fork is the house of the Hawks, the only neighbors, and then the track swerves over ruts and potholes through handsome pines at the foot of Lobo Mountain. Suddenly a small clearing, a spectacular view. The stillness indeed speaks. In the rocky wildness there is only this private holiday camp, with low farm sheds around, and alongside a corral with two old saddles rotting on a post. Were these part of the cowboy game, for the rides over the scrub and the spiky yucca plants, or down to the hot springs of Ranchos de Taos? But the two-storied adjoining chalet was Frieda's, built for Ravagli, her final husband; it is now the estate office and dwarfs the small log cabin behind. Two dogs bound out barking and a bluejay squeals. On the wall of the cabin is a fresco of a buffalo, and a Mexican inscription. The dogs curl up against the immense thick tree "like a guardian spirit" in front of the house, "the overshadowing tree whose green top one never looks at."

Behind the cabin is a zigzag path to the shrine. Even in mid-April the snow was crystallizing the earth, blinding under the luminous sky. The shrine is a simple cube, whitewashed outside, decorated inside in plain Spanish colonial colors of dark green and umber. Candlesticks, a vase, a small railing, a window like a Cyclops eye, a visitors' book where I caught the signature of David Garnett—links even in this loneliness. To judge from the number of names in this book, Mabel Luhan was right to say, "People are always making pilgrimages to him." On the gravel before the door is a commemorative slab for Frieda, with an oval photograph attached, and close by, a cross for Ravagli, so awkwardly caught up, however late, in the explosive tangle. (He was once accused of wanting to capitalize by charging admission to this shrine, where Frieda had to cement in Lawrence's ashes for fear of thieves.)

All the quarrels and recriminations, and those mammoth women who trundled at Lawrence unremittingly, the traumas and obsessions, the friendships betrayed into fiction, the "escape from achievement" which impelled him up here and kept Kiowa in his memory as the last glowing isolation, and the despair under it all—all is revived by the fixity of this memorial group. It is as if a thunderstorm charged with electricity were permanently unable to break over this place. Glad to hurry away, I met a lorry with four woodcutters at the mouth of the dirt track. "Everything all right?" asked one of them, and spitting on their hands, they disappeared with axes into the pines.

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The Art of the Possibility

HENNIG COHEN

RENE MAGRITTE, the Belgian Surrealist whose retrospective show may be seen at the Museum of Modern Art in New York, has much in common with the sedate bourgeois in bowlers and black coats who are one of his favorite subjects. Somber, stolid, and detached, they go about their affairs in a world where monstrous white roses rise from the pavement and where each man has a crescent moon shining brightly over his head. It is a world that is precise, orderly, and very real. The objects in it are clearly delineated. But it has been made by a hand that is quicker than the eye.

Magritte is a clever con man, and the quiet attire and air of propriety of his subjects are part of the act. Mischievous rather than satanic, his purpose is to trick us into suspending our customary ways of seeing things. Alternate and even contrary possibilities coexist, and certainty is the pea in the shell game. It follows that although he is a craftsman of the highest order, Magritte professes to be more concerned with matter than manner.

The story he tells of his encounter in 1922 with Giorgio de Chirico is instructive. "A friend showed me a reproduction of his painting, *The Song of Love*. . . . Chirico was the first to dream of *what must be painted* and not *how to paint*."

From de Chirico he seems to have derived more than a rationale. A painting entitled significantly "Memory" (1938) recalls de Chirico's handling of space, distortions of scale and perspective, precision, and juxtaposition of apparently disparate objects. Magritte the showman reduces de Chirico's angular background to an unbroken expanse of flat board fence. In the foreground are a ball and a plaster head. These also appear in "The Song of Love," but Magritte transforms de Chirico's classical cast into a head of a demure young lady as serene as the heavens above—despite a splotch of blood that oozes down her chalky temple. For Magritte, plaster heads live and remember and bleed.

It is, he says, all a matter of "how we see the world." To make sure that we are under no illusions, he resorts to some pretty tricky illusions himself, for example a series of paintings so recently completed that they have not yet been removed from the easel. The paintings *within* the paintings are placed in such a way as to obscure the vista they record. Or they reproduce it so exactly that they become part of the vista itself (though the possibility exists that the easels hold sheets of glass through which a vista is in fact visible or that the artist has painted a picture of what appears to be a sheet of glass through which a vista is apparently visible).

Magritte himself describes one such painting, "The Human Condition, I" (1934), and in the process demonstrates that he has undertaken something more than a cunning exercise in *trompe-l'oeil:* "In front of a window, as seen from the interior of a room, I placed a picture that represented precisely the portion of landscape blotted out by the picture. For instance, the tree represented in the picture displaced the tree situated behind it, outside the room. For the spectator it was simultaneously inside the room; in the picture, and outside, in the real landscape, in thought. Which is how we see the world, namely outside of us, though having only one representation of it within us." By setting up opposing possibilities, Magritte has us question our perceptions and extend their range.

The variations on this theme of oppositions are considerable, and though the risk of heavy-handedness is great, Magritte maintains, on the whole, a light touch. "Time Transfixed" (1939) shows a stark fireplace in a bare room. Empty candlesticks stand at both ends of the mantel. In the center is a plain black clock. The hands indicate seven minutes to one, but whether it is A.M. or P.M. or whether the clock is running is uncertain. Above the mantel hangs a large mirror reflecting nothing. From the middle of the fireplace a locomotive, trailing a cloud of steam, hurtles furiously into space. In "Song of Love" (1948) two grotesque creatures with slimy human bodies and froggish heads sit together on a damp rock, lost to the world through their all-consuming passion. The sea crashes against the rocky shore and in the distance there is the silhouette of a full-rigged ship that seems to be cut from the paper-like surface of the sea and pulled upward against the horizon. In "The Idol" (1965) a stone bird with a silly look about the eyes glides clumsily through the lavender sky above a cliff strewn with boulders of the same color and texture as itself.

One of the nice things about Magritte is that while he enlarges the area of possibility, he does not insist on any sort of resolution. "The Collective Invention" (1934) is a parody of one of mankind's more successful attempts to reconcile opposites, the mermaid. Magritte combines the head of a fish and the lower parts of a woman. She lies at the edge of the placid blue water. That part of her which is woman rests on one hip and faces outward, and that part which is fish rests on its belly and is seen from the side.

A TUBA bursts into flames or floats in the air, a negligee on a hanger in a closet has breasts at once lovely and horrific, the barren soil of the desert yields lanceolate leaves that become a clump of owls, a hunting rifle stands in a pool of blood on the bare floor, an apple or a rose fills an entire room, couchant lions wait in the streets, a root from a tree stump cut by a saw grows over the handle of an ax, picture frames in empty rooms enclose the façade of a building or patches of cumulus cloud or nothing at all: these are realities in their particular way, and having made this point, Magritte is content to let the matter rest. "The Wind and the Song" (1928-29), an early painting of a briar pipe as carefully reproduced as a pop art soup can, bears the legend "*Ceci n'est pas une pipe.*" Indeed it may not be a pipe; yet it most certainly is.

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After closing in New York at the end of the month the show goes to Chicago and then to the West Coast.

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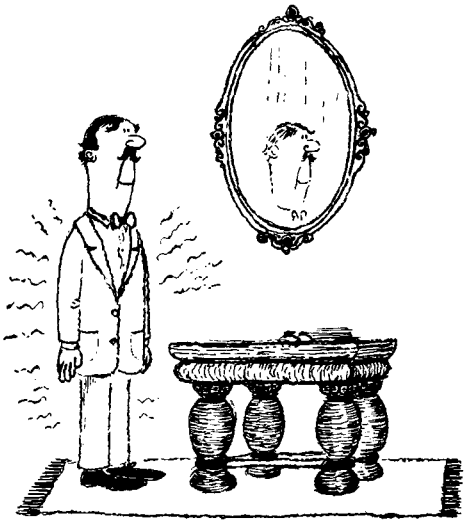

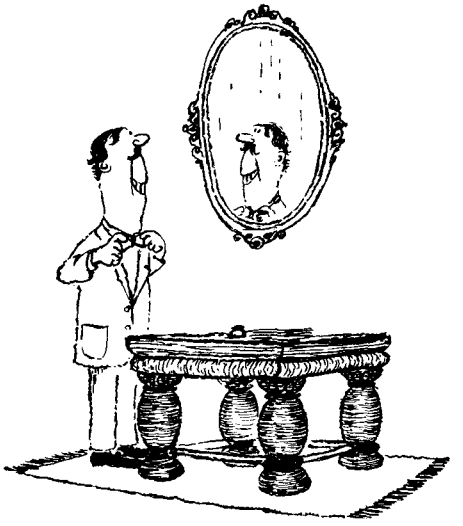

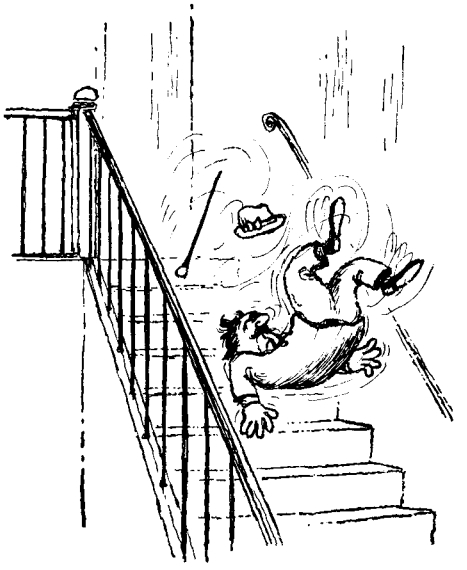

By Fernando Krahn

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BOOKS

Before the Deluge

GORDON A. CRAIG

THE PROUD TOWER: A PORTRAIT OF THE WORLD BEFORE THE WAR, 1890-1914, by Barbara W. Tuchman. *Macmillan. $7.95.*

In her new book, Barbara Tuchman has turned from the carnage described in its justly admired forerunner *The Guns of August* to the society that produced it, the generation of 1890-1914. In doing so, she tells us in her introduction, she was motivated by the belief that "the genesis of the war did not lie in . . . what Isvolsky said to Aehrenthal and Sir Edward Grey to Poincaré. . . . The *Grosse Politik* approach has been used up. . . . The diplomatic origins, so-called, of the Great War are only the fever chart of the patient. . . . To probe for underlying causes and deeper forces one must operate within the framework of a whole society and try to discover what moved the people in it."

To professional students of diplomatic history these sentences will appear incautious, if not offensive. They may indeed retort that the *Grosse Politik* approach will not be used up until the archives of all the belligerent powers of 1914 have been opened to historians; that debate over the diplomatic origins of the war is livelier today than it has been for thirty years, thanks to the publication of the Hamburg historian Fritz Fischer's *Griff nach der Weltmacht,* which comes close to imputing exclusive responsibility to the German government; and that the most interesting session of the Twelfth International Congress of Historical Sciences at Vienna last August was devoted to the subject. But Mrs. Tuchman has a perfect right to write as she wants to, and she is not the first historian to rebel against the narrowness of the documentary approach. "The greater part of what passes for diplomatic history," G. M. Young once said scornfully, "is little more than a record of what one clerk said to another clerk." In any case, she has made her intention clear. Her new book was not designed to discuss diplomatic maneuvers or power politics or economic rivalries. It is about society rather than about the state.

IN PLANNING IT, moreover, Mrs. Tuchman was highly selective. Instead of trying to embrace the whole of prewar European society, she decided to confine herself to the Anglo-American and West European world, on the ground that our experience and culture most directly derive from it, and to discuss only such subjects as were truly representative of the period before 1914 and exerted their influence then and not later. There is therefore nothing here about Freud or the internal-combustion engine. Instead, in eight chapters that show all the spirit, virtuosity, and literary grace of *The Guns of August,* Mrs. Tuchman describes three movements that impressed or inspired or frightened people of different classes before 1914—anarchism, pacifism and disarmament, and international socialism—and gives us in addition four portraits of nations in transition from old certainties and accepted values to new perplexities and new problems: England as it moved from the rule of Salisbury toward that of Lloyd George, France as it passed through the frenzy of the Dreyfus case, the deplorably energetic and almost schizophrenic Germany of William II, and the United States as it trembled on the verge of its first adventure in imperialism.

So artful is the author's design that these chapters balance and support each other; and without excessive prompting on her part, the reader becomes aware of how much violence there was under the surface of what is often described by inveterate praisers of time past as a Golden Age—indeed, of how common to these different countries were the seductions of power and how prone they all were to the idealization of violence as a means of rationalizing their meaner ambitions. There was some difference in style, but certainly very little in substance, between the ravings of the anarchist Ravachol, the tactics of Mrs. Pankhurst's suffragettes in England, and the cold-blooded strategical prescriptions of Alfred Thayer Mahan; and, on a different level, the belligerent patriotism of Germans like Heinrich von Treitschke was matched by that of such oddly assorted types as the English poet Henley and the American politician Beveridge.

In the end, all of the idealistic and humanitarian movements of the age succumbed to this stronger force —the socialists of 1914, for instance, voting the war credits in defiance of their declared internationalism and hatred of militarism. The real cause of the war is to be found, therefore, less in mistakes of commission or omission by the gentlemen in frock coats and striped pants who peopled the chancelleries of Europe than in the general acceptance of violence by the peoples of the West and their resort to it whenever what Mrs. Tuchman calls "the new tensions and accumulated energies" of the age demanded release. The holocaust of 1914 was merely the last and most dreadful illustration of this tendency.

THE SEPARATE CHAPTERS that make up this book have been carefully researched, shrewdly organized, and written with a verve that will delight Mrs. Tuchman's admirers. Despite my own membership in that fraternity, I find this book less satisfactory than its predecessor. The occasional errors of fact are inconsequential and certainly no more numerous than in first printings of other books of comparable scope. More serious is the fact that her method of organizing her discussions of national life around single individuals, making them symbols or embodiments of the major characteristics and tendencies of their society, is not always successful. In the case of the United States, where she has chosen Speaker Thomas B. Reed as the protagonist in her account, the method succeeds at least in pointing up the conflict between those who resisted the temptations of foreign adventure and the Ma-

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hans, Roosevelts, and Lodges who responded enthusiastically to the call of Manifest Destiny. On the other hand, her decision to center her essay on Germany on Richard Strauss, apparently on the ground that his music embodied all the violence of the age, is less fortunate. It has led her to some curious overstatements ("Hardly a German did not belong to a choral society or instrumental ensemble and spend his evenings practicing Bach oratorios over several steins of beer") and some odd comments about Strauss's music—the statement, for instance, that "in *Rosenkavalier* the only male part was that of a coarse lecher who appears either as unpleasant or ridiculous" and the implication that Strauss had passed or was passing his peak by 1911 (despite the fact that *Ariadne auf Naxos* and *Capriccio* still lay in the future).

More important, it gives a one-dimensional picture of German society which does little justice to the forces that were striving, however unsuccessfully, to control the worst impulses of the time. Mrs. Tuchman's occasional sallies from the world of music in this chapter are not impressive; to talk of "the liberal Germany which lost in 1848 and never tried again" and to describe German professors as being "unconcerned with social problems, unengaged in politics, . . . satisfied with an indoor liberalism" (Mommsen? Delbrück? Lujo Brentano?) is to purvey generalizations that mislead more than they instruct.

THIS LEADS to a second methodological observation. Not long ago Mrs. Tuchman wrote an article called "History by the Ounce," in which she spoke of the importance of corroborative detail in supplying color and verisimilitude to a historical narrative. Among much that was entirely persuasive in that article, she wrote, "I had read that the Kaiser's birthday gift to his wife was the same every year: twelve hats selected by himself which she was obliged to wear. There you see the value of corroborative detail in revealing personality: This one is worth a whole book about the Kaiser—or even about Germany."

I doubt that Mrs. Tuchman really meant what she wrote there, or that she would seriously argue that the anecdote tells us as much about Wilhelmine Germany as, let's say, Michael Balfour's *The Kaiser and His Times,* but her words nevertheless suggest that she may place too high an evaluation upon the colorful, the amusing, the anecdotal. Certainly *The Proud Tower* is overfull of detail that is less corroborative than distracting. It is doubtless amusing to read that Lord Salisbury rode a tricycle in his late years, accompanied by a young coachman who pushed him up hills and jumped up behind when he was going down, but it doesn't tell me much about Salisbury the man, let alone about his ideas; and masses of this kind of trivia simply get in the way of historical understanding. In the article already alluded to, Mrs. Tuchman described Roger Martin Du Gard's *Jean Barois* as being "All talk and ideas, interesting, of course, but for source material I want something I can *see.*" In her new book she has given us more than enough to see, but there are stretches where more ideas would have helped or where more attention to the consequences of events would have been welcome. The account of the Dreyfus case, good as it is, would have been strengthened by a closer analysis of its political and psychological aftermath and a somewhat less summary reference to the Combes legislation and the army reforms; and the ideas and prejudices of people like Asquith and Lloyd George (who together represented the dilemma and prospective collapse of English liberalism) and of others like Rosa Luxemburg and August Bebel (who did the same for German socialism) deserve rather lengthier treatment.

DESPITE these comments, it must be emphasized that Mrs. Tuchman has given us a sympathetic and immensely readable account of an age in which, as she says in her afterword, people "lived, as compared to a later time, with more self-reliance, more confidence, more hope; greater magnificence, extravagance and elegance; more careless ease, more gaiety, more pleasure in each other's company and conversation, more injustice and hypocrisy, more misery and want, more sentiment including false sentiment, less sufferance of mediocrity, more dignity in work, more delight in nature, more zest." By my rough calculation *The Proud Tower* weighs thirty-two ounces, and it is good stuff.

Sunlight at Work

Sun shines; and stiff snow-islands run
dwindling into cracks and grooves,
steadily down the neighbor's rooves
    to nowhere in the sun;
    and shingles, dark with tars,
trickle with syncopating stars.

Then down from eave and gutter niches,
two stories down, clear now and bare,
they fall, and each drop sews the air
    with sudden, polished stitches:
    out and over they pull;
the fabric is invisible.

Needles of light, flashing so far
downward, threading the huge air
with emptiness—who sees them there
    or knows how bright they are,
    till sunlight makes them glow
with bodies brighter than the snow?

—RICHARD MOORE

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To Pity and to Love

VIRGILIA PETERSON

A SQUARE OF SKY, by Janina David. *Norton. $4.50.*

One definition of a literary classic is that nothing of its kind can be written after it without taking it into consideration. In this sense, Anne Frank's diary has become the yardstick against which any account of a child's experience of persecution must inevitably be measured. Such a story is *A Square of Sky*. Written now, a quarter of a century later, by a Polish Jewish woman who was nine years old when the Nazis invaded Poland and put into full swing the action that destroyed six million Jews, the book consists of Janina David's recollections of the family she once had and lost, and of what and how she survived. Though Janina David, miraculously enough, is still alive, while Anne Frank died in Nazi hands long before her diary was published, *A Square of Sky* is no less tragic. Both books have a special poignancy. Both are more concerned with the effect of the Nazi horrors on human beings than with the horrors themselves. Both put their stress on the growth, within nightmare circumstances, of the heart.

JANINA DAVID, who gives herself the anglicized nickname of Janie in the book, was the only child of comfortably situated parents living in western Poland not far from the German frontier. In that last normal summer of her childhood in 1939 when the book begins, Janie had over her head not just a square of sky but the whole of it. Next to the country cottage in which she was vacationing with her nurse were an orchard full of butterflies and frogs to catch and woods full of mushrooms to pick. She had no lessons to do, and right there on the place were the ten little daughters of the caretaker for built-in companions. A year later, from the dark, bug-infested room she was sharing by then with her parents in the Warsaw ghetto, those summer days must have seemed halcyon indeed.

But even then her sky was not altogether cloudless. Aware, as of course she had to be, of the difference between herself and the Catholic children she played with, it came all the same as a shock to Janie when, one Sunday morning, a playmate who was receiving congratulatory kisses after her confirmation refused to let Janie touch her. Several times Janie had been taken by her nurse, against her parents' wishes, to the Catholic church, and she knew that her nurse only got permission from the priest to look after a Jewish child upon the promise to convert her. In Janie's house, except for the Friday-night ritual of lighting candles, there was no religion. Secretly, she rebelled against the gap between "Them" and "Us," and sometimes her desire to be

Christian in order to be one of "Them" was quite violent.

Being Jewish, however, was still in that summer before the Nazis' onslaught a cloud no bigger than a man's hand on Janie's horizon. Far closer and more ominous was the fear that her parents, who often quarreled openly before her, would be divorced. Then she would have to live, her nurse told her, with her mother. But at that time she hated her pretty, rich, hasty-tempered, patronizing mother. It was her aloof yet deeply devoted father whom she loved. How the relationship between Janie and her mother, and between her mother and father, changed under the whiplash of Nazi persecution and became, instead of less human, more human than ever before, is the most memorable and moving development in Janina David's story.

FOR THOSE who have read Hersey's novel about the Jews who lived and died behind the wall the Nazis erected around the Warsaw ghetto, as also for the handful who have read Emmanuel Ringelblum's *Notes from the Warsaw Ghetto,* Janina David's account of ghetto life, with its terrible crowding, its dirt and disease, its hunger, its spiraling death rate, and the relentless fear that exhausted all but the stoutest hearts, will seem familiar. What is unique in her book is the reflection of this dance of death in the eyes of a child whose whole concept of the adult world had been blasted into rubble before she was ten and who, by the time she was twelve, had learned more about the depths and the heights of human nature than most people learn in a lifetime.

Like Anne Frank's diary, *A Square of Sky* is stamped with unquestionable honesty. But unlike Anne Frank, Janina David did not have much sense of humor at the start. Delicate, cosseted, vain, easily offended, eager to show off, and cocky without the saving grace of self-doubt, Janie, as revealed by the thirty-five-year-old woman she has since become, was a rather arrogant child, ready to pronounce judgment on the many relatives—with the exception, of course, of her father—who surrounded her. She had to brush with death before she changed. She had to see the terrible courage of her grandfather under the bombings; of her uncle, an officer in the Polish Army who refused to hide after the defeat and gave himself up "for honor's sake"; of her father, who became a Jewish policeman in the ghetto, risking his neck every hour of every day to bring food to his family from beyond the wall; of her mother, bending and withering with unaccustomed toil and starving to keep her child alive; she had to see friends snatch food from passersby and beggars swell up and die on the pavements, before she could learn to pity and to love.

JANINA DAVID is not a novelist; yet she tells her story with professional skill and taste, never intruding upon it with generalities or interpretations. Each scene speaks for itself. From among all the people whose faces must have imprinted themselves on her vulnerable young mind, she has known precisely which to resurrect. The strangest, without a doubt, is Lydia, a Gentile whose

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husband had once been her mother's hairdresser. Lydia, the author gently hints, had been her father's friend. Lydia's immensely successful cosmetic business, together with her equally successful liaisons with Nazi officers, enabled her to keep the David family supplied with food for many months and to arrange, on a snowy January night in 1943, just before the beginning of the end of the ghetto, for Janie to be smuggled out from behind the wall. It is to the ambiguous Lydia that Janina David owes her life. But the hero and heroine of *A Square of Sky* are her unhappy father and mother, whose only common bond lay in the sacrifices for their child. More about them than about herself, this book, written in faithful memory, is their cenotaph.

Signifying Nothing

SAREL EIMERL

SIR MICHAEL AND SIR GEORGE, by J. B. Priestley. *Atlantic-Little, Brown. $4.95.*

Imagine yourself to be a reviewer who receives through the mails an English novel subtitled *A Comedy of the New Elizabethans.* Opening it, you find on the first page that an American, Franklin Bacon, on a grant from the Lincoln Applebaum Foundation, is trying to ascertain the difference between Sir George Drake's Department of Information and Cultural Services ("We call it DISCUS, Mr. Bacon. Saves time") and Sir Michael Stratherrick's National Commission for Scholarship and the Arts ("COMSA it's known as, Mr. Bacon"). The reviewer knows immediately that he is headed for a stern dose of overweight satire, and that his best policy is to close the book forthwith. But then, there is the challenge. . . .

Well, anyway, I can't say I enjoyed reading Mr. Priestley's latest or that anyone else should try it, but it did provoke a few reflections about the writing of comedy and the ghastly catastrophe that awaits him who fails to remember the classic rules. But first, the book.

It reduces to three acts. Act I: Sir George is a stuffy but well-meaning civil servant. He has no taste for the arts but loves his wife. His deadly rival, Sir Michael, is a non-stuffy non-civil servant, with a real taste for the arts, who spends his afternoons seducing women, including, alas, Lady Drake. She, like all the women in this book, and in modern fiction for that matter, is a passionate and noisy lovemaker. I often wonder, to digress for a moment, where modern novelists get their ideas about women always moaning, gasping, and screaming in bed. From other novelists, I suppose. Or maybe they slap the moans in to make the rest of us feel we ought to go to the doctor for a shot of something.

But, to return. Act II: Sir George and his fellow bureaucrats are petrified by the rumor that there's going to be a *Question in the House* (Mr. Priestley's italics). To make his situation utterly intolerable, Sir George, at a party, hears his wife making "those muffled ecstatic noises," provoked by a drunken artist with whom she then goes off to Paris. Meanwhile, back at COMSA, Sir Michael is also in dire straits. He is not only dragged off by the head of his drama section to see an *avant-garde play without a plot or any believable characters* (my italics this time); he also falls in love with Shirley Essex, a typist sent by an old enemy to destroy him. For although she is only eighteen and was raised in a loathsome suburb, Shirley is also a "princess of a lost race, awaiting discovery among cyclopean ruins in the jungle, some troll king's daughter, some nereid floating towards a drowned sailor . . . ," or, in short, "one of those rare young women who suggest to the eyes of sensitive men an *anima* figure, a soul image."

Unobtainable? Not at all. Unbeknownst to Sir Michael, Shirley returns his passion. However, for reasons not explained, she chooses to disappear, and goes off to work for an attractive Eastern Potentate. Horrors. But wait. Act III: Lady Drake returns from Paris and to her husband, for reasons not explained, and he is subsequently appointed head of the Department of Organic Molecular Chemistry, where he finds happiness. Sir Michael also comes out splendidly. He is appointed head of a new arts foundation—a sensible one this time; no more supporting tours of religious plays in verse through the mining towns of Yorkshire and Durham. And what's more he marries Shirley, who proves to be "not just another babbling, moaning, scratching, biting . . . prisoner of feminine sexuality" (and this time, by God, off I go to the doctor) but, though "responsive, ardent, eager to learn [and] refusing nothing," yet someone "who could not be taken finally." For "whenever they met nakedly as man and woman, she would remain this magically desirable and tantalizing being."

WHEN I was a boy, I used to read stuff of this caliber in a weekly woman's magazine called *Red Letter*, which both I and our maids devoured with ecstasy and believed with passion; and I dare say it helped to wreck their lives. But *Red Letter* cost twopence. And it was not further contaminated with Purpose. For Mr. Priestley also has a few serious thoughts he wants to communicate:

¶ Life is not all a fairy tale, as he reveals through two case histories of women who briefly stret and frut

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their three paragraphs on the page, in which they describe their unhappy love lives and then are heard no more. God alone knows where they came from and why, or where they went.

¶ Civil-service departments are run by bureaucrats who lack both the imagination and the nerve needed to advance the arts.

¶ Dramatic and literary critics tend to be pretentious and in thrall to prevailing fashion.

¶ The prevailing fashions stink—cf. the comment on avant-garde plays above.

And now for the reflections on comedy. It can be, as it has been defined, a story that ends in marriage and, as such, it can even be successful if the characters are totally unreal and their behavior ludicrous—as in the work of P. G. Wodehouse. But this kind of comedy is incompatible with serious social comment because the basic tone of absurdity inevitably makes any such comment sound itself absurd. If any author wants to combine the ludicrous with the satirical, he must observe at least a few rules. His characters must possess some individuality, and not just be reprints of hoary old caricatures—pretentious drama experts, for example. They should not be pitiful, like the poor old civil servant who can't make his wife moan any more. Pity and comedy don't mix. They must be portrayed as genuinely believing in whatever it is the author wants to satirize. Mr. Priestley's characters don't believe in anything. And if, incidentally, one of the author's targets is conventionality of thought, he should try to pick illustrations which have not been as thoroughly done in as the theatre of the absurd; otherwise, reviewers are liable to make disagreeable observations about people in glass houses. And if an author has the gall to announce, in a subtitle, that his book is a comedy, he really should take some trouble to make it funny.

It is a pity to write with such severity about Mr. Priestley, who has given us some pleasant entertainments in the past. But if he is going to produce work that is banal and sloppy, he must expect to get his lumps.

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